

THE LIMA DAILY NEWS.

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AT SEA

Steamer Veendam of Holland-American Line Goes Down.

RESCUE OF PASSENGERS

By the American liner St. Louis After Five Hours Foe and Foe With Death—212 Passengers Were on Board.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The American line steamer St. Louis, Captain Raulle, which arrived yesterday from Southampton, reports the loss at sea of the Holland-American line steamer Veendam, Captain Stenger, from Rotterdam for New York. The passengers and crew of the Veendam were saved by the St. Louis. At quarantine Captain Stenger of the Veendam reported as follows:

"The Veendam left Rotterdam February 2nd with a general cargo, 9 cabin and 118 steerage passengers and 85 seamen and officers bound for New York. February 9th at about 5:17 p. m., ship's time, being in latitude 30 35 north, longitude 20 01 west, the steamer struck a submerged wreck, which probably tore a hole in the ship's bottom and broke her propeller shaft. We found that our ship was making considerable water and immediately set all pumps to work, but notwithstanding this the water gained on us. In the meantime all our boats were made ready to leave the ship at a moment's notice, because she was now sinking rapidly by the stern.

"At 1:30 o'clock a. m. we observed the masthead lights of a large steamer. We made signals of distress, on which the vessel bore down on us. The vessel proved to be the St. Louis of the American line, bound from Southampton for New York. We hailed her and reported that our ship was sinking and that we wished to be taken off. At 1:43 a. m. we commenced to transfer our passengers and crew, using three boats of the St. Louis and one of ours. The men were kept at the pumps. At 2 a. m. everybody had been transferred to the St. Louis. When the last boat left the Veendam was laboring very heavily and sinking rapidly by the stern. The transfer of the passengers and crew took, notwithstanding the great difficulties and high seas running, but three hours and ten minutes, and was accomplished without the slightest accident.

"As the wreck was a dangerous obstruction to navigation we decided to set her afire, which was done. On board the St. Louis we were warmly received and the captain and his officers did everything possible for our comfort. We take this opportunity to express our utmost gratitude, also in the name of the passengers of the Veendam."

The Veendam was formerly the White Star steamer Baltic. She was built at Belfast, Ireland, by Harland & Wolff, in 1871. She was a four-masted, barkentine rigged screw steamer.

LABOR MEETING.

Congress is Urged to Take Action—Demonstration on May 1.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Feb. 14.—A labor conference was held here yesterday, at which resolutions were adopted asking congress to pass the bill doing away with "government by injunction," in doing the eight hour law and denouncing prison labor. There were present delegates from federated trades of this city and Racine, the State Federation of Labor and the Building Trades Council. It was decided to make a demonstration on May 1 to emphasize labor's demand for a strict observance of the eight hour law in this state.

ANDERSON, IND., Feb. 14.—The Ironville tin-plate strike at Middletown was settled Saturday night and the plant resumed to-day. Upon the advice of the Indiana labor commissioners the men accepted the company's proposed reduction, amounting to about 60 cents to the man a day.

A SUNDAY TRAGEDY.

Rawlins Killed in Cold Blood—Murderer Riddled With Bullets.

BLUE RIDGE, Ga., Feb. 14.—White Dillard, a well known character of this county, shot and killed a stranger by the name of Rawlins at a church 12 miles from here yesterday, and was himself pursued and killed by a posse. Just as the church members were dispersing Rawlins was discovered by some of the crowd peacefully making his way back to the settlement. A stranger is a decided novelty in that

district, and is always treated with annoying chaff. Foremost among the teasers was Frey, a well-known member of the church. He fancied that Rawlins had insulted him and began to swear at him soundly. White Dillard, Frey's cousin, became offended at Rawlins' unresenting attitude and shot him down in cold blood. Instantly the crowd dispersed and Dillard fled, pursued by Squire Callaway and a heavy posse. The murderer and the posse met in a ravine about a mile from the church, and on Dillard's refusing to surrender, the weapons of the entire throng were discharged at him, tearing his body fearfully and producing instant death. The posse then retreated to the church, and though for some time a collision between them and the partisans of Dillard was expected, up to this hour no further bloodshed has occurred.

CALLED OUT.

A Strike Ordered Among all New England Cotton Mills.

They Will Probably Comply and If They Do 150,000 Men Will be Thrown Out of Employment.

BOSTON, Feb. 14.—At a meeting yesterday in this city of 55 representatives of textile unions in New England it was unanimously voted to recommend that all unions call out the operatives in every cotton mill in New England.

The meeting was practically the outcome of the recommendation which President Gompers made to the Federation of Labor last Sunday, in which he urged the different unions to unite on some settled policy regarding the mill situation in New England. At that meeting a committee of three was appointed to take charge of the matter, and after a conference this committee recommended that a general meeting be held to take definite action.

To-day the representatives of the various textile associations assembled in the Wells Memorial hall, and for four hours discussed the situation from every standpoint. The primary object of the meeting was to devise some method of rendering assistance to the New Bedford strikers.

It was pointed out to-day that if the strikers at New Bedford could hold out for four weeks without receiving more than 20 cents per operative per week in the way of outside assistance, other mill operatives could stand a similar strain, and that if all went out it would precipitate a crisis that would have to be met within a short time by the manufacturers.

It was also shown that the mill spinners were in excellent condition as regards funds; that the United Textile Workers and the New England Federation of Weavers were also in good shape, but that the rest were short of funds. Other questions were also discussed, and at length the matter was put to a vote, no one being registered against the motion that the different unions should order a general strike in every cotton mill in New England until satisfactory adjustment of wages could be arranged.

SECURED ABOUT \$5,000.

Robbery Committed by Crack Men at Lebanon—No Clue.

LEBANON, IND., Feb. 14.—The raid in this city, made by the burglars Friday night, turns out to have been more extensive than was at first supposed. One of the mail pouches taken from the postoffice contained registered matter, and it will be several days before the exact amount it contained can be learned. Conservative estimates place the amount of pension checks taken at \$5,000, but it may exceed that amount considerably. The night mails are the heaviest that reach Lebanon, and it is believed some one familiar with this fact is connected with the robbery. The empty pouches have been found near the Big Four railroad just east of here, and letters and papers taken from it were scattered along the track. Nothing of value, however, has been recovered.

The entrances into the places visited by the burglars were effected by using a jimmy. The work of checking up the tickets at the Chicago & South-eastern railroad depot has not been completed. The punch used in limiting coupon tickets is missing, and it is believed a number of foreign tickets were taken. Connecting lines have been notified to look out for them. Postoffice Inspector W. T. Fletcher, who is here in behalf of the government, believes the robberies are the work of professionals. All efforts to track them with bloodhounds have been unsuccessful.

I have a few good people wanting to rent near Square. Small to medium sized properties. Bring them early. CURTIS F. ASH.

ORDERS

Given to Saloon Keepers and Gamblers by Police.

A VERY PEACEFUL SUNDAY.

Saloons Were Open as Usual, But There Was no Disorder and no Arrests—Very Quiet in Gambling Circles.

Yesterday was a very quiet and peaceful Sunday in Lima. There was little disorder of any kind and no arrests were made. The policemen say that considering the fine weather, it was remarkable that everything was so quiet. But there are reasons for it.

The police gave instructions to the saloon keepers to be very careful and not allow any drunkenness or disorder. As a result, while the saloons were as wide open as ever, they were as quiet as any places in the city. No loafing in them was allowed, and in many cases the slot machines were closed.

It is also true that there was very little gambling in Lima yesterday. That is, there was little for Lima, where there are 20 or more gambling games going all day Sunday. Whether the quietness was the cause of orders received from police or the fact that the gamblers are scared and afraid to enter the rooms, is not known. There have been many complaints about poor business among them since the matter has been brought before the public. It has been noticed that the police have been keeping an eagle eye on the rooms for the past few days, and as a consequence the boys have been on nettles.

A SPRAINED ANKLE

Retains Judge Robb From His Official Duties To-day.

Judge Robb met with a painful accident yesterday at his home on North Elizabeth street. In a fall his ankle was quite badly sprained, and he is unable to walk. He will be retained from his official duties in the court house for several days on account of the accident. No cases will be heard in probate court until he is able to be out.

WILL BE MARRIED.

Edward M. Gallen Leaves for Rochester on an Important Errand.

Edward M. Gallen, proprietor of the Mammoth Clothing store, left Saturday evening for Rochester, N. Y., and when he returns he will be accompanied by a bride. The wedding will occur to-morrow evening and the bride-to-be is Miss Sattie Black, daughter of one of the wealthiest clothing manufacturers of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Gallen will spend their honeymoon in Old Point Comfort and will return to Lima about March 1. This city will be their permanent home and Mr. Gallen has the congratulations of his many friends here.

A NEW BLOCK.

Plans Almost Completed for the New Stamets Building.

It is an assured fact that I. E. Stamets will build a business block on his property adjoining the new Hick block on West Market street. The building will be four stories high and will be one of the finest structures in the city. J. A. Chapin, the architect, is at work on the plans and they are nearly completed. The building will be completed this summer.

AMUSEMENTS.

Donnelly & Girard To-night—Hoyt's "A Black Sheep" Wednesday.

Donnelly & Girard, old-time favorites, will be with us to-night. They present to us for the first time the spectacular operetta, "The Geizer." The play of itself is as funny as can possibly be imagined, and with such comedy generals as Donnelly & Girard, should be the hit of the season. They come with the largest and strongest company they have ever presented, the cast comprising forty people, with specially designed scenery and costumes, and with all the opportunities for comedy, together with the new and

catchy songs and music, we expect an unprecedented evening's enjoyment.

HOYT'S "A BLACK SHEEP."

Somehow or other there is an unnamable strength in Hoyt's trade mark which appeals with a sort of magnetic influence to the minds of the most fashionable as well as the masses. This power is forcibly demonstrated by the heavy demand for seats for the engagement of "A Black Sheep" at the opera house Wednesday night, when this phenomenally successful comedy will be presented in this city. This is the brightest creation of this most prolific writer, equalling in every interest and being as substantial in satire as "A Texas Steer."

Edward Caldron, of Columbus, spent Sabbath with his parents, E. F. Caldron and family on East High street.

BRIEF

Was the illness of Mrs. McCown, Who Died To-day.

She Was Taken Very Sick Yesterday Morning and Passed Away 24 Hours Later—A Highly Respected Lady.

Mrs. Anna McCown died at her home, 932 West High street this morning at about 2 o'clock, after an illness of about 24 hours. She had been in fairly good health and made no complaint of being sick until she was suddenly stricken early yesterday morning. A sudden attack of heart trouble rendered her unconscious and she lingered in a critical condition until the time of her death.

Mrs. McCown was 62 years of age and was one of the city's most respected residents. She was born in Kentucky and came to Lima in 1865. Since then she has resided in this city. She leaves five children as follows: Burr McCown, of Delaware; Albert McCown, of Montana; William McCown, Mrs. Emma Ware and Mrs. William Foy of this city.

Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been made.

REVIVAL MEETINGS.

Evangelist Swearingen Called Home on Account of Sickness.

Evangelist Swearingen who has been conducting revival services in Trinity M. E. church, returned to his home this morning. Sickness in his family compelled him to go home, but he may return to Lima and conduct the meetings for another week. Yesterday's meetings were very largely attended, both morning and evening. Last night many were turned away. There were a number of accessions to the church. A meeting will be held to-night and possibly every night this week.

Feltz Bros. & Co.

Careful reading of reliable advertising, and thoughtful study of goods and values, will pay you well. Your constantly increasing patronage shows how regularly you read our advertisements, and we value this growing appreciation of our business methods far more than we value present profits.

Read These Interesting Values!

LADIES' BLACK HOSE.

Double sole, extra high spliced heel, guaranteed stainless; put up three pairs in a box; regular 25 cent value. This lot as long as they last, Three pairs for 50c

Special values in Ladies' Fast Black Seamless Hosiery at 10c, 12c and 15c a pair.

Ladies' Fancy Hose at 10c, 15c and 25c a pair are also worthy your attention.

Boys' Hosiery.

At this season of the year (marble season) the boys get down on their knees oftener than at any other time, consequently their stockings wear out at the knees very soon. Overcome this by investing 15c, 18c or 25c in a pair of our extra heavy Hosiery with Double Knees. We show some extra good values.

... MEN'S ...

Tennis Flannel Night Shirts, Worth 75 cents, reduced to 49c to close out.

BLANKETS

We have a few more of those good all wool Anglaise Blankets which we are selling at the following low prices. It will be money in your pocket to buy now for next winter:

\$8.50 Blankets reduced to...	\$4.98 a Pair
\$5.50 Blankets reduced to...	\$4.25 a Pair
\$6.00 Blankets reduced to...	\$4.48 a Pair
\$5.00 Blankets reduced to...	\$3.75 a Pair

UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Fleece Lined Vests, 15 cents each.
Ladies' All Wool Ribbed Vests and Pants, the \$1.25 kind, reduced to 75 cents each.
Ladies' Union Suits reduced to 80 cents.
Men's Natural Underwear, 50 cent kind, reduced to 33 cents.
Men's Fine All Wool Underwear, the \$1.50 kind, reduced to 75 cents each.

Children's Knit Night Drawers

With feet. This sensible garment is growing in popular favor wherever it has been shown. A child will not catch cold when kicking off covers at night. In sizes for children at 2, 4 and 6 years. Price reduced to 50c

RALPH P. KILLEN,

...Dentist...

Artificial Teeth, Crown and Bridge Work, Gold, Silver, Amalgam and all kinds of Filling, and everything pertaining to modern dentistry done in a scientific manner at reasonable prices.

Q'Connor Block, North of Court House, Lima, O.

Metropolitan Barber Shop

and Bath Rooms....

... BEST IN THE CITY.

CHILDREN CALLED FOR AND DELIVERED

To any Part of the City Free of Charge.

MACK DIXON, Prop. Opp. Barnes House and Court House.

THE LAST WEEK

FOR THE 1-4 OFF SALE

Columbia Shoe Store.

1-4 Off on any ladies' or Gents' Shoe

IN THE STORE (HANAN'S EXCEPTED).

Edwin C. Burts, the old firm E. P. Reed & Co., and Banister's drill lined goods at less than 1-4 off. These makes of \$5.00 Shoes for \$3.00 per pair. Buy Shoes now and save dollars. Handsome presents given away with every purchase. We polish your Shoes free. A special stand for ladies.

THE COLUMBIA,

LEADING SHOE HOUSE, LIMA.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Miss of the
Old California Girl Who Goes Missing
Wildlife
Battle With Wolves in the Northwest.

Miss Cornelia Chittenden is only nineteen years of age, but more game has fallen before her unerring rifle during the past six years than can be placed to the credit of many male hunters in the neighborhood of her home at Cummings, Cal. Game has been especially plentiful around that section of the country lately, and Miss Chittenden has taken the full advantage of the fact. During the past six years no less than forty-five fat deer have fallen to her gun, fifteen of these having been killed by her during the past year.

Miss Chittenden possesses the keenest instincts of a sportswoman. Since babyhood she has been accustomed to live an outdoor, self-reliant life. Her parents, with whom she had been brought up, own a sheep ranch of some four hundred acres, part of it having been pretty rough country, and over this and the surrounding forests and hills Miss Chittenden has been accustomed to roam at will almost since she was first able to toddle. Her education would have been incomplete had she not been thoroughly trained in the use of firearms. When quite a little girl she was taught how to handle a gun, and very soon became so expert in its use that she could hit a bird on the wing three times out of five.

When she reached the age of twelve Miss Chittenden began to look for bigger game than that which passed on the wing over her father's ranch, and very soon her rifle was heard speaking in the surrounding country, where gathered the deer, coons, foxes, wildcats, and even fiercer game. The mere killing of a deer and carrying home its antlers as a trophy did not long satisfy Miss Chittenden's ambitious soul, so one day she decided to astonish the folk at home by taking back with her an abundant supply of deer meat for the domestic larder. The first deer she shot that day she proceeded to dress after a novel fashion originated by herself. Tying a rope to the horns of the deer, a noble animal with a fine eight-pronged set of antlers, she threw the rope over the branch of a tree, fastened the end to the pommel of her saddle, and pulled the deer into position for dressing. In this way she was able to dress the deer with ease and take it promptly home on the horse's back. Since then she has gone out alone on hunting trips, and has always dressed the game she killed and brought it back with her ready for cooking.

Last winter Miss Chittenden developed a fancy for hunting wild animals and trapping wild animals and coons, which she had in the forest around her father's ranch. She has had many encounters with fierce wild hogs, which, single handed and alone, she has attacked and killed with her gun, a weapon she handles with the ease acquired by most women only after half a lifetime of practice. Her father's ranch is hung around with the antlers of deer and the tusks of wild animals, while the floors are covered with the furs of foxes, bears and wildcats that have fallen before the deadly aim of this modern Diana. All the accomplishments of a past mistress in forestry are here. She knows the meaning of all the signs that guide a trained hunter that is following the trail of game, and can track a wildcat or a fox with the unerring instinct of an Indian.

On one occasion she followed for five hours the trail of a wildcat that had been prowling around her father's ranch and doing great damage to the live stock. Following the trail up hill, down dale and through woods for several miles, she at last came upon the wildcat crouching in the boughs of an enormous tree. Being unable, on account of the intervening branches, to get a fair shot at the animal, Miss Chittenden's first bullet clipped a twig and went wide of the mark. The wildcat sprang at Miss Chittenden, but before it could reach her she had loaded again and met its rush with a ball fairly between the eyes. She treasures the skin of this animal as one of her most highly valued trophies.

A Battle With Wolves.

Last autumn, says the Youth's Companion, a German settler in the wilderness not far from the headwaters of the Mississippi River, Otto Gewehrman by name, came into the lead office at Grand Rapids, Minnesota, to "prove up" his claim. He also brought with him three wolf-skins, and demanded the bounty on them.

"Did you kill these?" he was asked.

"No," said the German, "my vorman kill him with an axe."

He showed the places in the skins where they had been lacerated by many blows with a sharp implement, and told how the skins came to his hand. Gewehrman had a wife and children, and also a flock of sheep. Wolves had formerly troubled him a good deal, for his claim is in a wild part of Itasca County. In September last he left his eldest boy, twelve years old, accompanied by an old sheep-dog, to guard the sheep in a piece of grassy woodland near the house. The boy was armed with an old gun loaded with buckshot. The father, in going away from home on a necessary errand, apprehended no trouble for the wolves had not been seen all summer, and he imagined they had at last left the neighborhood.

The boy seems to have had no fear of trouble either, for while the sheep were quietly grazing, he wandered away from them a little distance, look-

ing for something to shoot. The dog stayed with the sheep.

Before long the boy heard a great commotion and fierce yelping in the direction of the glade where the sheep were left, and presently saw the sheep coming running in terror through the woods toward him. He hurried on toward the place from which the noise came, and there found the old dog in deadly struggle with three full-grown wolves. A fourth wolf was engaged in tearing the body of a sheep he had killed.

The boy dived at the wolf which was tearing the sheep, and it ran limping away. However, the shot, and the cries of the wounded wolf, brought the three other wolves upon him; they left the half-dead dog, and flew at the boy.

The youngster, having no other charge in his gun, climbed a tree with agility and presence of mind. There he began to yell for help. The house was within no great distance, and the boy's mother heard the shouts. There were other sounds which spoke to her of wild animals; and seizing an axe, she ran as fast as she could to the place.

She reached the tree. Whether or not the boy was safe in it did not appear to have entered her thoughts; she saw simply that he was threatened by the wild beasts, and without any deliberation she attacked them. They turned upon her and fought hard. But a woman struggling in defence of her children is no mean antagonist under any circumstances, and this woman had a formidable weapon in a sharp axe. Her greatest danger was that the wolves were three in number, and attacked her from all sides.

She was too quick for them, however, and in a few moments she had laid them all out on the ground, dead. Then she helped the boy down out of the tree, and got him into a place of undoubted safety. Then, like the thrifty German woman that she was, she proceeded to skin the wolves while they were warm and skinnable, in order that there should be no doubt about getting the bounty that the State pays for the destruction of such wild animals.

Fell Before an "L" Engine.
"Hasten express!" yelled the ticket chopper. "First stop Fifty-ninth street!"

The crowd on the Cortlandt street station of the Ninth avenue "L" surged toward the edge of the platform. It was 6 o'clock, and there were many passengers for the express. So sudden was this concerned movement that one man was pushed off the platform and fell headlong to the track.

The express engine came howling along, her lights half obscured in a cloud of white steam. Those on the station platform shouted and waved their arms. Then, as the engine rumbled up along the platform, they turned their face away and bowed their heads. One woman tore off her hat and stood crumpling it in her hands, her features working convulsively.

In the cab of the locomotive the engine driver had heard the shouts and divined that something was wrong. He put on the brakes hard, and the station vibrated with the jarring of locked wheels over the rails. But it was too late. Not until the engine had passed by more than its own length the spot where the man had fallen did it come to a standstill.

Such of the crowd as could nerve themselves to look upon red horror peered down at the wheels, while the stoker and gateman prepared to climb down to the track. Before they could do so, however, a head popped out between the locomotive and the platform of the first car, and the missing man clambered into the glare of the station lights.

"Narrow squeak, that!" he said, as he punched out the dents in his hat. "I had just room and just time to crawl in under the platform and make myself as small as I could."

"What's your name?" demanded the conductor, bent on making a report.

"Oh, never mind my name," replied the stranger. "The joke's on me and not on Uncle Russell this time."

"First stop Fifty-ninth street!" yelled the ticket chopper.—New York Journal.

Presence of Mind Under Water.

A marvellous experience happened to Matthew Dolan, of Jeffersonville, Ind. Dolan was coming down the river on a tow pushed by the steamer Sam Clark, and in the darkness fell off. He is a vigorous swimmer and diver, and knew his safety depended on holding his breath. Before he could rise, the tow, an eighth of a mile long, was over him, and he, feeling the bottoms of the boats, knew he must dive. To come up a moment too soon meant death by the steamer's wheel. Feeling his way until the prow of the boat struck him, he remained under water by a superhuman effort. Then he rose and swam to Six Mile Island, whence he was rescued by a skiff. He says that he had no idea of drowning, and thought of nothing but how to get out of his predicament.

They Didn't Boast Him.

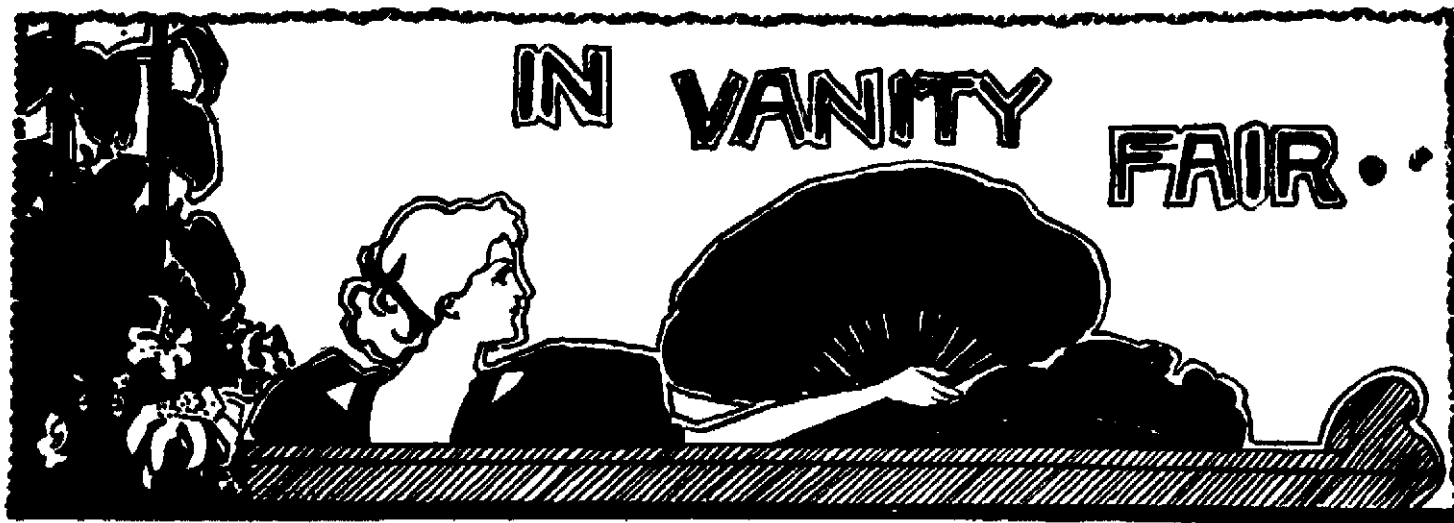
"Why, ho!" exclaimed the stranger at the Zoo, "would you heard the lion in his den?"

"Nay," said the keeper, frowning his cheeks with a grimace. "On the contrary, we are merely going to trim his whiskers."

And, unnecessary as the surroundings were, there echoed, from wall to wall, a wild shriek of animal laughter.

How the Brains Act.

Although the brain is perpetually active, the whole of it is never active at one time. The two hemispheres or halves do not operate simultaneously, but alternate in action—now it is the one-half, then the other.



FAITH CURISTS.

Their Peculiar Ideas and Methods Discussed.

Christian Science is growing so rapidly in the United States—that the rate of a new church a week, it is claimed—that newspapers are seeking to find the reason for this increase, and has obtained interviews both from those within and those without the pale.

Dr. William Hirsch the author of "Genius and Degeneration," which did so much to demolish the theories in Max Nordau's disagreeable book, says that all Christian Scientists are invariably suffering more or less from hysteria, and are encouraging the disease in others. The country is being swept, in fact, by a tidal wave of hysteria.

"Preachers of their doctrines are fakes or fools," he declares, "and their hearers should be restrained by law. Of course there will be that sort of persons so long as the world exists, but they should not be encouraged; on the contrary, they should be discouraged in every way. No physician endorses their teachings or has any patience with their claims to heal the sick."

"Perhaps their healers can cure functional and nervous diseases. Regular physicians—i. e. Doctors of Medicine—often cure their patients without the administration of drugs. But it takes a trained man to detect whether a disease is functional or organic."

"The claims of the Christian Scientists to cure organic diseases without medical treatment are absurd. All medical men know that there is not a word of truth in them. These so-called healers sometimes induce their friends to withhold medicine from a person who is ill. The patient is criminally neglected and the 'healers' should be prosecuted."

"Christian Science or any such fad that encourages thinking of one's self

is dangerous. It is not good to think of one's self. Self-centring the thoughts is particularly dangerous for morbid or hysterical persons. It leads to insanity. Indeed, the last thing in the world of which an hysterical should think is herself or himself. Forget yourself and be well' is good advice."

"Patients of all classes come into a physician's office. He has to learn their habits of mind before he can judge fairly on their cases. The mind is most helpful when it goes off about its business and lets the physician do the healing."

"Suggestion has slight power over the normal man. It is impossible, for instance, to hypnotize him, but as he leaves the normal state and grows tired and nervous he is more and more susceptible until he may be hypnotized."

"If he is hypnotized often he may become an hysterical, for hypnotism makes for hysteria. You will thus find that nearly all Christian Scientists can be hypnotized easily. In fact, most of them are always hypnotized. They are not in sound mind."

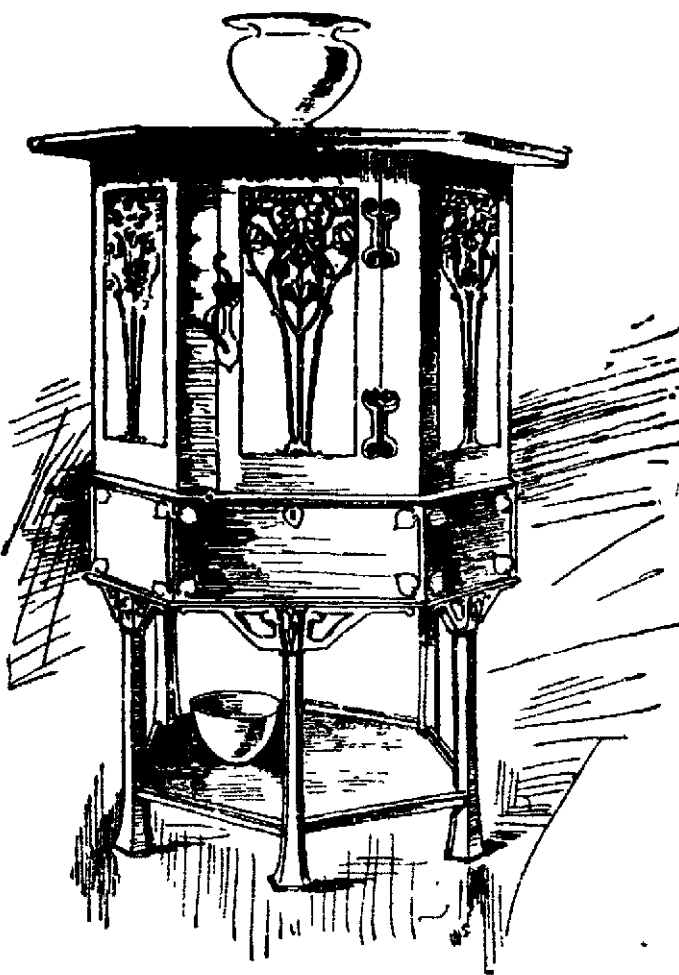
"Christian Science is weakening mentally, morally and physically. Occasionally a physician has to prescribe such poisons as arsenic and morphine, but he would never feed a patient on them. Christian Scientists are feeding each other on morphine."

There are now over 7,000 regularly appointed readers, missionaries and healers in the United States and Canada. There are thirty-three Christian Science churches. Of course every enrolled member of the faith is a missionary and a healer in so far as he or she sees the truth. These number about 240,000.

Judge Pennypacker of the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia refused the application for a charter which was made by the First Church of Christ, Scientist, last month in the City of Brotherly Love.

"If the purpose of the proposed corporation were only to promote a creed or promulgate a form of worship," said the Judge, "no question could arise, because under the Constitution of Penn-

TO HOLD YOUR PHOTOGRAPHS.



A Late Style Cabinet for Storing Pictures.

sylvania private belief is beyond public control, and there can be no inter-

ference with the right of conscience. But it is quite clear that what is proposed is much more than a church, since there is besides to be established a system for the treatment of disease to be carried into effect by persons trained for the purpose, who may receive compensation for their services."

As all members of the petitioning church were required by the church to subscribe to belief in Christian Science as contained in the Reverend Mary Baker Eddy's book, according to which all believers are healers and as the law of the State declares that it is unlawful for any person to announce himself or herself as a practitioner of medicine, etc., who does not hold a diploma from a chartered medical school, Judge Pennypacker refused the petition.

TO BE IN FASHION.

The feminine mind evidently hankers after the full skirt. All sorts of compromises are being effected, as tailors desire to restore the graceful, slender skirt, and their customers cling to the idea of the 6-yards skirt of old. The new shaped skirt is a compromise, cut so that the top fitted and the lower part fell in flutes. Those skirts are exceptionally fashionable at the present moment in Paris which are cut in two horizontally—the top is a skirt and the lower half is a skirt, the one fitted, the other cut as circular as possible so that it flutes around the feet. This is where the flounced skirt practically begins and ends. Somehow, though much talked about, the flounces have never become general. Only the elegantes who can discard a dress after once wearing (if they do not happen to like it) have appeared to any extent in flounced skirts.

A new material is to be specially chronicled because it has "taken on" exceedingly. Perhaps it is hardly right to call it new. It is our old friend satin merveilleux, but it appears in a new form. It can be bought ready shrirred. Entire evening dresses are made of shrirred merveilleux. It is employed for the fronts of tea-gowns, to make plaistons, chemisettes, etc. Gowns of violet or black velvet look exceedingly well with tablier and plaistron of mauve shrirred satin.

A great deal of helleotrope is being worn just now. Helleotrope cloth walking gowns are handsomely braided in black and gold. The coat or bodice has smart lapels or plaistron of braided white satin.

We are tending towards a boom in shrirring. Nearly all smart fronts are shrirred, and evening dresses show a great deal of it. It really seems to be superseding accordion-pleated materials, which, possibly, by the Spring may be getting a little antiquated.

The Russian coat still prevails. But more models are being cut with one side-piece, and there is a tendency now to make the black flat, not pouched. To avoid thickness at the waist, the cloth or velvet comes at the ornamental waistbelt, the pouched part and the fluted basques being arranged on a thin band of the silk lining (double). The circular basque is now often arranged in a double box-pleat at the back. Russian coats must be trimmed to look well. In cloth they are generally handsomely braided or covered with applique embroidery, in horizontal lines.



The Faith Cure Ceremony of Anointing With Oil.

POLLY'S VALENTINE.



By the oaken awel
Awies, thinking no one nigh!
O to catch the dainty jewel,
Kiss her on the sly!

Very cautiously and still I
Tiptoe, making not a sign,
And I hear—"I wonder will I
Get a Valentine?"

Alth, she's sure to have one proffered!
What will winsome Polly say?
Will she score my heart if offered?
On the good Saint's day?

Harry F. Bouge

THE LOST YEARS.

TWO crimson spots appeared upon Miss Jimmie's pale face when she heard the gatelatch click. She knew that her brother was bringing in the mail, and as he entered the room she bent lower over her work, her crocheted needles flew faster and she coughed a slight cough.

She knew, without looking up, that her brother brought in a pile of valentines in his hand, and that when presently he should have finished distributing them to his eager sons and daughters, her nephews and nieces, he would come and bring one to her—or else? He would not do this last. It was this dread that brought the crimson spots to her cheeks.

If there was one for her he would presently come, and leaning over her shoulder, he would say, as he dropped upon her lap the larger, handsomer one than all the others: "This looks mighty suspicious, Sis Mimie."

Each year for seven years her brother had tenderly handed his sister her valentine. After he had seen the look of pain and confusion that followed his playful teasing in presenting the first one, he had never more than relayed the moment by a passing jest. The regular coming of "Aunt Jimmie's valentine" was a mystery in the household.

It had been thirteen years since she had quarreled with Eli Taylor, her lover, and they had parted in anger, never to meet again. Since then she had stayed at home and quietly grown old.

Fourteen years ago she had been in the flush of this, her only romance, and St. Valentine's day had brought a great, thick envelope, in which lay, fragrant with perfume, a gorgeous valentine.

The oldest children had been very small when this resplendent confession had come into their home. Some of them had not been born, but they had all grown up in the knowledge of it.

Shortly after she received it there arose a foolish lovers' quarrel—Eli had gone away in anger—and that had been the end.

Disputes over trifles are the hardest to mend, each party finding it difficult to forgive the other for being angry for so slight a cause.

And so the years had passed. For ten long years the beautiful valentine had lain carefully put away.



"THIS LOOKS MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS, SIS MIMIE."

For five years Jimmie had looked at it with tearless eyes and a hardened heart. And then came the memorable first anniversary when the children of the household began to celebrate the day, and tiny comic pictures began fitting in from their school sweethearts.

In the youthful merriment of those budding romances Miss Jimmie seemed to see a sort of reflection of her own long-ago joy, and in the faint glow of it she felt impelled to go to her own room and to lock the door and look at the old valentine.

With a new, strange tremor about her heart and an unsteady hand she took it out, and when in the light of awakened emotion she saw once more

its time-stained face and caught its musty odor, she seemed to realize again the very body of her lost love, and for the first time in all the years the fountains of her sorrow were broken up, and she sobbed her tired heart out over the old valentine.

In there a dead-hearted woman in all God's beautiful world, I wonder, who would not weep again, if she could, over some of life's yellowing symbols—symbols of love gone by, of passion cooled, who would not feel almost as if in the recovery of her tears she had found joy again?

For the first time since the separation, she clasped the valentine to her bosom and called her lover's name over and over again, sobbing it, without hope, as one in the death agony.

Miss Jimmie, in her suddenly realized young-love setting, had become, to her own consciousness, old and of a date gone by.

But there is apt to come a time in



THE FOUNTAINS OF HER SORROW WERE BROKEN.

the life of the live single woman of forty—if she be alive enough—when in the face of even negative and affectionate disparagement she is moved to declare herself.

One thing, indeed, it was to own a yellow, time-stained valentine, and quite a different one to be of the dimpled through who crowded the Jonesville postoffice on Valentine's day.

"I reckon them young ones would think it was perfectly ridiculous if I was to get a valentine at my time of life," Miss Jimmie said, aloud, to her looking glass one morning. It was the day before St. Valentine of the year following her day of tears.

"But I'll show 'em!" she added, with some resolution, as she turned to her bureau drawer.

And she did show them. On the next day a great envelope addressed to Miss Jimmie Martha Sprague came in with the package of lesser favors, and Miss Jimmie suddenly found herself the absorbing center of a new interest—an interest that after having revolved about her awhile flew off in suspicion toward every superannuated bachelor or widower within a radius of thirty miles of Jonesville.

For ten years her self-sent valentine was a mystery to the other members of the family.

As the years passed, if her brother began to suspect, he made no sign of it save in an added tenderness. And, of course, he could not know.

On the anniversary upon which this little record of her life had opened, the situation was somewhat exceptional.

The valentine had hitherto always been mailed in Jonesville—her own town. This postmark had been noted and commented upon, and yet it had seemed impossible to have it otherwise. But this year, in spite of many complications and difficulties, she had resolved that the envelope should tell a new story.

The farthest point from which, within her possible acquaintance, it would naturally hail was the railroad town of—let us call it Hope.

The extreme difficulty in the case lay in the fact that the postoffice here was kept by her old lover, Eli Taylor.

Here, for ten years, he had lived his relict bachelor days, selling plows and garden seed and cotton prints and patent medicines, and keeping postoffice in a small corner of his store.

As Miss Jimmie pondered upon the thought of sending herself a valentine through her old lover's hands, the col-

or of the scheme began to change from impossible green to rosy red.

Instead of dreading, she began ardently to desire this thing.

But the only possible plan by which she could manage secretly to have the valentine mailed in Hope—a plan over which she had lost sleep, and in which she had been finally aided by an illiterate colored servant going there, to return next day—it must reach her on the day before Valentine's. This day had come and gone, and her valentine had not returned to her. Had the negro failed to mail it? Had it remained all night in the postoffice—in possession of her lover? Would she ever see it again? Would her brother ever, ever get through with the children and finish giving out their valentines?

Miss Jimmie had not long to wait, and yet it seemed an age, before the distribution was over, and she felt rather than saw her brother moving in her direction.

"Bigger an' purtier one 'n ever for Aunt 'Mimie this time—looks to me like," he said, as at last he laid the great envelope upon her trembling knee.

"Don't reckon it's anything extra—in particular," she answered, not at all knowing what she said, as she continued her work, leaving the valentine where he had dropped it: not touching it, indeed, until she presently wound up her yarn in answer to the supper-bell. Then she took it, with her work-basket, into her own room, and dropping it into her upper bureau drawer, turned the key.

As she sat to-night looking at the outside of the envelope, turning it over and over in her thin hands, great hot tears fell upon it and ran down upon her fingers, but she did not heed them.

It was even dearer now than ever before, after this recent passage through her lover's hands. At this thought she raised it lovingly and laid it against her cheek. Could he have handled it and passed it on without a thought of her? Impossible. And since he had thought of her, what must have been the nature of his thoughts? Was he jealous—jealous because somebody else was sending his old sweetheart a valentine?

This year's envelope, selected with great pains and trouble from a sample catalogue and ordered from a distant city, was a fine affair profusely decorated with love symbols.

For a long time Miss Jimmie sat enjoying the luxury of nearness to her lover that the unopened envelope had brought her before she felt inclined to confront the far-away romance typified by the yellowed sheet within. And yet she wanted to see even this again—to realize its recovery.

And so, with thoughts both eager and fearful, she finally inserted a hairpin carefully in the envelope, ripping it open delicately on two sides, so that it might come out without injury to its frail, perforated edges. Then, carefully holding its sides apart, she shook it.

And now—Something happened. One of God's best traits is that He doesn't tell all He knows—and sees.

How Miss Jimmie felt or acted, whether she screamed or fainted, no one will ever know, when, instead of the familiar pictured thing, there fell into her lap a beautiful, brand-new valentine.

It was certainly a long time before she recovered herself enough to take the strange thing into her hands, and when she did so, it was with fingers that trembled so violently that a bit of paper that came within the valentine fluttered and fell beyond her reach. There it lay for fully several minutes before she had strength to move from her seat to recover it.

There was writing on the fluttering fragment, but what it was and why Miss Jimmie wept over it and read it again and again are other trifling things that perhaps God does well not to tell.

The details of other people's romances are not always interesting to outsiders.

However in this particular case, it may be interesting to know that the woman who took charge of the old



SHE LAID IT LOVINGLY AGAINST HER CHEEK.

lover's room in Hope and who had an investigating way with her, produced seven or eight torn scraps of paper collected at this period from his scrap basket, on each one of which was written, in slightly varying terms, bits of rough sketches of a note in which occurred broken sentences like the following:—"sending you this new valentine just as hearty as I sent the old one eighteen years—"

"You shan't never want for a fresh one again every year long as I live, unless you take—"

"—if you want the old one back again and me along with it."

Miss Jimmie posted a note on the following day, and a good many inter-

esting things happened in quick succession. And then?

There was a little, quiet, middle-aged wedding in the church on Easter Sunday. It was the old lover's idea to have it then, as he said their happiness was a resurrection from the dead, and belonged to the Easter season, and there was no one to object.

Miss Jimmie showed her new valentine to the family before the wedding came off, but in spite of all their coaxing and begging, she observed a rigid reticence in regard to all those that had come between that and the old one; and so, seeing the last one actually in evidence, and rejoicing in her happiness, they would only smile and whisper that they supposed he and she had been "quarlin' it out on them valentines."

"I ain't fitten for you, Jimmie, honey, no mo'n I was eighteen years ago," he said, his arm timidly locking her chair, the night before the wedding, "but if you keered enough about me to warm over the little valentine I sent you nigh twenty year ago, and to make out to live on it, I reckon I can keep you supplied with jest ez good ez that, fresh every day an' hour. But befo' I take you into church I want to call yo' attention to the fac' that I'm a criminal 'b'ile to the state's prison for openin' yo' mail—an' if you say so, why, I'll haf to go."

"Well, Eli," Miss Jimmie answered, quite seriously, "ef you're 'b'ile to state's prison for what you have done, I don't know but I am worthy to go to a hotter place—for the decret I've practiced."

"Well," said Eli, "I reckon ef the truth was told, the place where we jest nachelly both b'long is the insane asylum—for the eljots we've acted. When I reflect that I might 'a' been ez happy ez I am now eighteen year ago, an' think about all the time we've lost—Well—How comes it that Easter comes so late this year, anyhow?"

FINIS.



was like a queen's. And not a waist in all the town was neat as Eveleen's. Oft before her ivied window in the snowdrifts or the dew He had lingered, looking fondly at the tapers shining through. But the maiden was as bashful as her beauty was divine. So now he sought to woo her with a dainty valentine.

Before him on the table lay a rose of velvet red. A fillet wrought of silver just to fit her curly head. A string of coral, rosy like her glowing finger tips. And frosted sugar plums to melt like kisses on her lips.

And yet he could not make a choice, till Cupid, straying near. Behind his gilded quiver hid a smile that held a snower. "Go write," he said, "a pretty note, and ask her to be thine. And seal it with a kiss to send by old St. Valentine."

The lover took a scented sheet, in hue of palest pink. And on it with a slender quill he wrote in blackest ink: "Dear Eveleen!—sweet Eveleen! thy name is my delight. It maketh music in my heart from morning until night. 'Tis mating time for all the birds, and happy things are they. But I am left a lonely man to sigh my life away— To sigh my life away, my love, if thou wilt not be mine. Oh, come to me, fair Eveleen, and be my Valentine!"

Across the purple eventide, and over hill and dale The moon, a silver crescent, flung her glory like a veil. And still he sat a-dreaming of the lips he longed to kiss, When inward swung the oaken door— what vision fair was this? A slight and graceful figure all in ruby velvet dressed, With a tear upon her lashes, and a lily on her breast.

He felt her arms about him in their snowy whiteness twine; "I come to thee, my dearest love, to be thy Valentine!"

Oh, ye laggard lover pining like the youth of olden times For a shy and lovely maiden, find a lesson in my rhymes. Do not woo her at a distance, sighing at her garden gate. Lest another boldly enters and you find yourself too late.

Do not send her cards of satin scattered o'er with flying doves. And a wreath of roses tended by a host of dimpled Loves. But a frankly written letter, with your heart in every line; And she will come, like Eveleen, and be your Valentine.

—Minna Irving.

"Love never dieth." We learn this as a promise. We get, after such suffering as involves as it were a new birth and other faculties, to know it as experience.—George B. Merriam.

NEWS NOTES FOR WOMEN

Living Tortoises as Jewels For Women.

Living tortoises, with their backs covered with jewels, attached by a gold chain to women's dresses, are the rage in Paris. They cost about \$80. The Society for the Protection of Animals is agitating the matter.

Women Pastors in This Country.

There are said to be 200 regularly ordained women pastors in this country belonging to several denominations. They are divided as follows: Universalists, forty; Disciples, forty-six; Free Will Baptists, thirty-eight; Unitarians, twenty-four; Congregationalists, twenty-three; United Brethren, twenty-one; Protestant Methodists, eight.

Toronto Favors Women.

The first woman ever to hold the office of President in the Toronto Christian Endeavor Union is Miss Lottie E. Wiggins, who was unanimously and enthusiastically made President at the election of officers held a few weeks ago. Miss Wiggins was formerly Secretary for the Union, an office she held for three years, doing the work so faithfully that not a dissenting voice was heard from the eight thousand members.

A Beautiful Old Age.

Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, now in her eighty-ninth year, is still hale and hearty and living a beautiful old age in peace and tranquillity. With a mind unclouded and a body wonderfully active for her years, she finds much pleasure in recalling to a few select friends reminiscences of her early days, when she was the constant associate of Mary Lamb, and mingled frequently in the brilliant company of Shelley, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Douglas Jerrold and Charles Dickens.

On Dress Parades.

An acute observer points out that men are less conscious of dress than women. Of course a man in poor clothes appears ill at ease in trying to make his wit or other natural gifts outshine his raiment; but that is not to the point. At an afternoon reception, or better still, at a picture exhibition, the eagerness with which most young women try to show the men how they are dressed is interesting to contemplate. The men stand discreetly near the centre of the room or walk slowly in an outer line, while the women gather close to the pictures. Occasionally a good-looking, well-groomed, young man or an artist-looking chap will find the same woman between him and the picture he is looking at eight or ten times in going the round of the room. He should make no mistake and not lose his head in thinking that she is personally interested in him. She simply has on a new gown, and courts his silent admiration, but nothing more.

New Effects in Evening Waists.

Evening waists have rather a square outline, with the blouse effect in front, as one of turquoise satin embroidered with gilt, silver and turquoise beads and spangles on either side and edging of sable fur; bust drapery and tiny sleeves of mousseline with fur and violets on the right, and fur and a bit of the embroidered effect on the left.

A second toilette in black has a skirt of satin duchesse with round, buggy waist of accordion-plaited chiffon, studded with aluminum spangles; short sleeves of two ruffles. Bust drapery of white chiffon and passementerie of jet and aluminum surrounding the square neck, with leaf ornaments at the corners and on the shoulders. Belt of jet to correspond.

The front and back view of a new French gown affords several ideas for early Spring costumes. The skirt has a seam in the centre front, ditto back and circular sides, with black braid three-fourth inch wide applied in lengthwise rows, each with a bar across the top, giving an odd effect.

The round waist opens down the centre with three steel and pearl clasps, and has the braid, back and front, in a design to match the figure on the skirt. Braid is also over the top of the close sleeves, on the flared collar lined with fur and binds the fitted belt.—Dry Goods Economist.

Freedom Among Burmese Women.

Women in Burmah are probably freer and happier than they are anywhere else in the world. Though Burmah is bordered on one side by China, where women are held in contempt, and on the other by India, where they are kept in the strictest seclusion, Burmese women have achieved for themselves and have been permitted by their men to attain a freedom of life and action that has no parallel among Oriental peoples. The secret lies, perhaps, in the fact that the Burmese woman is active and industrious, while the Burmese man is indolent and often a recluse. Becoming, therefore, both by taste and by habit, the money earner, the bargainer and the financier of the household, she has asserted and obtained for herself the right to hold what she wins and the respect due to one who can and does direct and control.

Things are strangely reversed in Burmah, for here we see man as the religious soul of the nation and woman its brain. Burmese women are born traders, and it is more often the wife than the husband who drives the bargain with the English purveyor.

paddy harvest, or, at any rate, she is present on the occasion and helps her easy-going husband to stand firm. So highly is trading esteemed that a daughter of well-to-do parents, and even a young married woman, will set up a booth in the bazaar, and, dressed in a bright silk tamsin (skirt) and white jacket, with a flower jauntily stuck into her coiled black tresses, she will start every morning with a tray of sweetmeats, fruit or toys on her head, and, with a gayety and grace born of the sunshine and the bounteousness of the land, will push a brisk trade all through the short and sunny day. The earnings thus made are the woman's own, and cannot be touched by her husband.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Gossip.

There is a plea for luxurious Turkish baths for women in London.

The Duchess of Devonshire has accepted the captaincy of the Royal Eastbourne Ladies' Golf Club for 1898.

Miss Vaughan-Lewis, of San Francisco, makes a profession of taming horses, and does it all without whip or spur.

Miss Jessie Fuller has given satisfactory service as the clerk of the Supreme Court of the state of South Dakota for some time past.

The richest Princess in the world is the Crown Princess Louise Josephine of Sweden and Norway, married to the Crown Prince of Denmark.

Lady Henry Somerset is very unwell. All her engagements have been cancelled, and she is to go to Nannheim as soon as she is able to travel.

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, of Boston, the well-known composer, is at work on a concerto for piano and orchestra, which is to be published this spring.

A Paris correspondent is authority for the statement that Sarah Bernhardt is more beautiful at fifty-five than she was at thirty, as also is Ellen Terry.

Miss Frances E. Willard indignantly denies the recent report that she fainted while speaking last Sunday evening. She says she was never in better health.

Lea Ahlborn, the famous woman engraver and etcher, of Sweden, who died recently, was selected by the United States Government as the engraver of the independence medal in 1876.

The best educated Queen in the world is her Majesty of Italy. She speaks, besides her own tongue, French, German, English and Spanish, and studies such subjects as theology, biology, geology and botany.

Dr. Marie Louise Benoit, of Lowell, Mass., has been appointed medical intern in the New York State Craig Colony for epileptics at Sonoma, Livingston County. She is the first woman appointed as a medical intern in the State hospital service of New York.

Miss Helen Lockwood, of Peru, Ind., was to appear in a concert at Frankfurt not long ago, but missed the train at Peru. Determined to keep her appointment Miss Lockwood hired a horse and buggy and drove sixty-five miles across country reaching her destination in time to fill her part.

Dr. Belle Reynolds, who was one of the most noted characters in the civil war, is yet living at Los Angeles, and presided at the Women's Parliament there. She followed her husband to the war and herself fought in many battles. Her bravery led Governor Yates, of Illinois, to appoint her a Major of United States Volunteers.

The Chinese Minister, Mr. Wu Ting-Fang, is said to be a trifle uneasy about the effect the freedom of American women may have upon his wife. It appears that Mrs. Wu is much pleased with the life led by American women. The Minister, however, is a great admirer of our women and says they are "the most beautiful in the world."

Trimming Hints.

White spider-nettles are worked in pearls, silver and gold.

New appliques show touches of chenille in the floral figures.

Velvet belts embroidered in beads and spangles are worn with tailored suits in London.

Amethysts are prominent in the newest head and embroidered bands. They show up well with gilt-steeled jet.

Tiny edgings of tinsel cord are set with a colored stone here and there or a cluster of spangles resembling a flower.

Crocheted garnitures are coming up well for the spring in Empire blouse fronts, yokes, skirt pieces and band trimmings.

Rhinestones, silver cup-shaped spangles, and the latter in aluminum, are among the choice effects in evening garnitures.

A new round skirt of lace, net or chiffon has rows of lace insertion radiating from the waist-line and covered with an embroidery of silk and spangles.

A black net shows the latest embroidery as sprays of tulips and leaves rising from the lower edge; the flowers show in bold relief, being of iridescent spangles thickly clustered with jet mingling in the leaves.—Dry Goods Economist.

Professional and Business Guide

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PARTY FOR LITTLE FOLKS

Given by Helen Clark—Where the Clubs Will be Entertained This Week—Other Society Notes and Chat—Chat.

Little Miss Helen Clark, delightfully entertained her little friends Saturday afternoon. The tots had a merry time with games and enjoyed a delicate luncheon of Pressed Veal, Potato Salad, Bread Squares, Pickles, Ice Cream, Cakes, Devils Food, Valentines as souvenirs were given and little bon bon boxes filled with choice candies.

WEDDING CHIMES.

The beautiful rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Standish's lovely home on West Market was brilliantly lighted and decorated on Saturday evening and thrown open to their friends in celebration of the 25th year of their married life.

Mr. and Mrs. Standish, assisted by their two sons, Harold and Miles, received their guests in front of a magnificent screen of southern smilax, from which were suspended two hearts joined together with "73-98."

Mrs. Standish wore a beautiful robe of lavender chiffon, fashioned somewhat after the Greek style, with a low cut bodice.

The rooms were further beautified by the green of the ferns and palms and the graceful pink roses and carnations.

Messrs. and Mesdames E. B. Mitchell, and Keys assisted in welcoming the guests in other flower-decked rooms.

Screened behind a bed of smilax the orchestra discoursed the most enchanting music. A pleasing feature of the evening was the "Wedding Journey," each guest having previously been given a paper on which was written the story of a young couple on their wedding tour.

while each word was descriptive of some book, the guests being expected to recognize the author, and on beautiful little hearts the answers were written. Mr. S. S. Wheeler captured the gentlemen's prize, Howells' "Wedding Journey," and Mrs. Wheeler gracefully accepted the ladies' reward, a huge bunch of roses.

In the dining room, in the midst of trailing vines and asparagus ferns, the guests were seated at a delicious luncheon, and the late hours closed one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season.

COMING EVENTS.

The T. and T. club will meet Saturday evening with Mrs. Wells, the usual meeting on Friday being postponed on account of the "American Girl."

The Evangeline Circle will meet with Mrs. Wilbur Fisk next Wednesday afternoon.

The Bay View Reading Circle will enjoy St. Valentine evening with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Williamson, entertaining their husbands.

Another valentine party will be given by the Happy Hours club tonight at the residence of E. W. Moser on East High street.

The Delmonico Cooking club will feast their husbands at Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Cameron's one week from Friday.

Mrs. Overy will entertain friends at an informal card party Wednesday evening, honoring Mrs. Ersching, of Detroit.

The Phoenix Cooking club will entertain their husbands Wednesday week at the home of Mrs. Tell Agarter, East Market street.

The Round Table will hold their open meeting March 7.

The Humane Society will give a dinner in the room formerly occupied by Hoover Bros. on South Main street, Wednesday, for the benefit of the hospital fund.

The A. O. T. club will meet next Tuesday with Mrs. Hotchkiss, on East High street.

The Klondikes will meet with Mrs. Bissel.

Mesdames Hill, Agarter and Cameron will give an "at home" Thursday afternoon.

The Sorosis club spent Saturday evening with Mrs. Barr.

The Arbutus club will meet this evening with Mrs. R. J. Thompson.

CHAT-CHAT.

Taffeta silk, alpacas moreen, mohair, ladies cloth, seersucker, pique satin, grass linen, muslin cambric and batiste are among the various materials for "mildred" to fashion her underskirt from. The heavy rustling taffeta is no longer considered as good form as the soft grade that gently switches.

Exquisite in design and finish is the new silver tableware and it is surprising to note how much less expensive is the ware than in former years. The perfectly plain surface is a beauty

vies in honor with richly graven ware.

That the art of china painting is going steadily on is evinced by the display of white china in all of our china stores. The ware is of the daintiest texture, and is a delight to the decorator, taking the colors readily. An endless array of designs are offered; everything from a picture frame to the tiniest detail of the table.

Applique figures are cut out of lace and placed over a colored or black front or vokes with excellent effect.

Buy a home before the spring rush begins. I now have some of the biggest bargains ever offered in Lima real estate.

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CURTIS F. ASH.

SCRAPS.

Over 1,000,000 men work in the coal mines of the world.

It is estimated that \$50,000 worth of furs are taken in Maine every year.

In a country newspaper appears the following announcement: "A number of deaths unavoidably postponed."—London Tit-Bits.

Alcohol was not discovered until the seventh century, and the distillation of spirits from wine was not discovered until the twelfth century.

The Turks believe amber an infallible guard against the injurious effects of nicotine, hence its extensive use for the mouthpieces of pipes.

There are at present 10,000 convicts in the French colony of New Caledonia. This colony has cost the French government \$20,000,000 since 1863.

If the leaves are plucked from a lilac bush in the spring it will bloom again in the spring, according to a California woman who has tried the experiment.

The London Graphic declares that the sale of cocoa has increased in the British isles enormously in the last five years, and thinks it may possibly supplant tea.

The French government has decided to offer to the Empress of Russia a magnificent piece of Chantilly lace on the occasion of her majesty's next birthday.

The women of Seattle, Wash., have instituted a Society of Klondike Widows. The lists are exclusive, being restricted to the wives and sweethearts of men off to the gold fields.

A shoe dealer in New York says that on account of the newspaper ridicule women have almost entirely discontinued the practice of sending slippers to their pastors at Christmas.

In 1890 the Duke of Galliera began to spend thousands of dollars a year collecting rare stamps. To-day his collection is believed to be the finest in the world, and valued at \$1,250,000.

A SAVAGE CRITICISM.

In one of the Cleveland public school rooms of the primary grade the teacher had been reading Longfellow's "Hiawatha" to the pupils. Of course this is a rather ambitious work for the little ones, says the Plain Dealer, but they enjoy it, and the rhythm seems particularly pleasing to them. When they came to a hard word the teacher goes to the blackboard and draws a picture to illustrate its meaning. This the pupils find highly entertaining, and it helps in quite a remarkable way to fix the text in their minds.

A few days ago they came to this line in the early part of the poem: "At the door on summer evening's sat the little Hiawatha."

"At the door on summer eve—ning's sat th' little"—read the children.

"Go on," said the teacher. But they couldn't go on. The name of Hiawatha was too much for them. The knew who Hiawatha was, but they didn't recognize his name. So the teacher went to the board and took considerable pains in drawing.

First—A wigwam with poles sticking up above it and a rude aboriginal drawing above and a rude aboriginal painting on the side.

Second—Little Hiawatha, with feathers in his hair, squatted at the wigwam door.

Third—A fine harvest moon. Then she pointed to Hiawatha and asked what it was.

There was a general craning of necks and shaking of heads.

"Come, come," said the teacher, "you know what that is."

Then one little girl spoke up: "I guess it's a mud turtle."

Instantly, and with one accord, the class glibly repeated: "At th' door on summer eve-ning's sat th' little mud-dy tur-tle."

And the teacher feels that her artistic cleverness received a hard and cruel blow.

DIED VICTIM OF COCAINE.

Dr. John R. Devell Found Starving Two Weeks Ago.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Feb. 14.—Dr. John R. Devell died at the sanitarium yesterday, a victim of cocaine. About two weeks ago he and his daughter were found unconscious and half starved in a miserable tenement. The daughter, aged 28, will recover. Fifteen years ago Devell was a prominent and wealthy physician. He spoke thirteen languages and lived in luxury with a cultured family. He contracted the cocaine habit and soon he and his family became fiends. The wife died two years ago. The family had been practically destitute for three years.

G. E. BLUEM.

57 PUBLIC SQUARE.

G. E. BLUEM.

After Stock Taking.

We have just finished taking stock and we find our stock much too large for this time of the year, so we have made some very low prices to close them out that will make them sell quick.

Dress Patterns.

Choice Dress Patterns.

You can see them in our north show window. They are well worth \$5.00 per pattern. You can take your choice for \$3.49 per pattern.

Fancy Tennis Flannel.

15c quality for 10c per yard.
10c quality for 8c per yard.
6c quality for 4c per yard.

Fancy Gingham *In Short Lengths.*

These Gingham are worth 10c per yard, but we want to make a run on them, so you can buy them at 7c per yard.

White Quilts.

Extra size and hemmed, worth \$1.25, for 98c in this sale.

Embroideries.

Our spring stock of choice Embroideries will be on sale to-morrow.

Ladies' Wraps.

Plush Capes

At \$7.00 and \$7.50 that ought to sell at \$10.00 each, and would be cheap at that price.

Cloth Capes.

Made of rough material for \$5.00 that is a great bargain.

Plain Cloth Capes.

Here you will find some very special bargains at \$6.50 to \$10.00.

Blankets.

Cotton Blankets that are worth 98c for 50c. \$1.25 Blankets for 98c.

Underwear.

Several lots of Underwear we want to close out, so you can buy them at half price.

G. E. BLUEM,

57 PUBLIC SQUARE.

The Dry Goods, Dress Goods and Cloak House.

MONEY TO LOAN

In sums of \$100.00 and upward on long time, improved city and farm property, at low rate of interest. Building loans made. Loans can be made upon the monthly plan if desired. No delay. See us before leaving your application elsewhere.

R. W. WALLACE & CO.

ROOM 1 HOLMES BLOCK. - LIMA, O.

FOR SALE.

Small groceries, good trade and location. New house, good location, \$1,500, \$100 down, balance \$15.00 monthly.
New house to trade for horses and wagon.
West Spring Street property, best bargain in the city.
Forty-eight-acre farm three miles from Ada; good stone quarry; artificial lake of spring water, well stocked with black bass. Easy terms.

R. B. HURLEY.

Room 1 Collins Block, Lima, O.

Get Rid of the Loafers.

"There's nothing so good as congenial company, and few things worse than uncongenial associates," remarked Captain R. J. Smith to a Paducah (Ky.) Sun reporter. "I remember once when I was young a lot of fellows used to hang around my place that were not the most desirable companions imaginable. One day a friend said, 'Do you want to get rid of those fellows?' I said that I did, if I could do it without offending them. He suggested a plan, and the result was I provided myself with an English history, a Bible and several other books I don't guess those fellows ever heard of before. The next time they came in I began reading aloud to them from the books. It wasn't long before they began to look at one another, and finally one said as they all got up, 'Well, Jim, we'll drop in again after awhile.' Whenever they dropped in I always pulled my books, and soon they were afraid to come at all."

Not Necessary.

"I suppose," said the village deacon to the minister, "that your constant prayer is that you may ever be poor and humble?"

"Not exactly," replied the minister. "I pray that I may remain humble, but my congregation attends to the other part of it."—Chicago.

Drew the Line.

"Couldn't take him at any price," said the agent who was buying horses for the use of the mounted police. "It is all right for a policeman to interfere whenever he sees fit, but it won't do for his horse."—Indianapolis Journal.

Get that smoky furnace cleaned and repaired by

W. A. Smith,

1317

200 S. Main.

GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED THE

Starr Piano Co.

The Tennessee Centennial,

NASHVILLE, 1897,

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED THE

STARR PIANO CO.

..... OF

Richmond, Indiana,

Above All Competitors.

DOE YOUR TIME.

When fortune treats you slightly
And everything goes wrong,
Remember that you still are true
To labor and to strong.
To him who heavily down has part
In fortune's no crime;
Just bend your grip and keep up heart
And learn to ride your time.

The secret lies in graceful lines
Through earl and patient quest.
The posture name that never dies
Came not unto the shirt.
Some sit upon an unwholesome
A painful surprise.
He who would win must work his throne,
Stirring in all his time.

And when the fight at last is over,
The test at last is done,
When standing on life's farther shore,
Beyond the future's unknown gates,
The bliss of heaven shines,
And justice love and glory wait
For him who rides his time.

The man of hope and energy,
Who keeps one goal in sight,
Who goes his way with constancy,
Will come time with the light.
The man whose life is a glory leads
To every age and clime,
Who works and lives his time.

Go onward. Over the future's hills
The dawn falls cool and sweet
Go onward. He can win who wills
And bows not to defeat.
Go onward, though your path may lie
Through calumny and strife,
The way will brighten by and by,
Go on and ride your time.

AUNT ABIGAIL TURNS FINANCIER.

By ANNA PIERPONT SIVITER.



ARGUERITE Creel was just the loveliest, sweetest debutante of the season, and before the end of it she proved the most fortunate, for she carried off

Charles Van Essen, who was conceded the prize of the year. Marguerite had done this, too, without having a single entanglement with any of the many entangling but undesirable young men who haunt the fairy foot-steps of all debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Essen were "at home" to their friends on Mondays, in a charming house, furnished with exquisite taste. Although Mrs. Van Essen knew little of housekeeping, her housekeeper and butler knew an amazing amount, and so her household affairs ran much more smoothly and comfortably than did those of her more knowing neighbors, for in housekeeping, as well as in many other matters, it is not what one knows, but what one does not know which makes life worth living.

Into this Elysium came one day Miss Abigail Van Essen, with a small trunk, a judicial air, a hundred thousand dollars, and sixty years to her credit. Mr. Van Essen had prepared his wife for the coming of his aunt.

"You will love her, I know, Rose-bud," he said. "She was always awfully good to me when I spent my vacations with her. She is rather—ah, rather—well, rather close about money matters, and you may think some of the financial arrangements a little peculiar, but try not to mind them, for my sake, love, and you will get on, I'm sure."

And he kissed the pretty, wistful Rose-bud turned up to him, and vowed to himself Aunt Abigail, who was a dear old girl in spite of her peculiarities, would love his flower before she knew it.

And Aunt Abigail did. One might fancy there could be no sympathy between a song bird and a very domestic hen, but after all there is. A choice morsel is of equal interest to each, and neither wants to be caught by a hawk. Everyone knows a common love or a common hatred is a bond between women, and as these women both thought Mr. Van Essen the one man of the universe and all other men shadows, they got on very well indeed.

Mrs. Van Essen had never looked very sharply after the money matters of her household. Her husband gave her a monthly allowance, and when her bills ran over it he paid the difference. She used to wonder what she would do if they came within the allowance, but as such a thing had never been known the question did not interest her greatly.

In a journal devoted to women she once read a story of a wife who saved her every spare dime and dollar for fifteen years, and then, when her husband failed in business, delighted and amazed him by producing \$20,000. The tale had made a deep impression upon Marguerite, and she thought a little of doing the same, but she could not help telling the story to Mr. Van Essen, and his comment on it had completely upset her faith for ever after in the woman's journal as a guide in financial affairs. He had cried, disgustedly:

"Great Caesar! No wonder the man failed, with \$20,000 dead capital in the house! Why, if she had given it to him to put in his business, or placed it at interest, they might have been millionaires!"

Aunt Abigail soon thought she discovered that Marguerite had so much idea of the purchasing power of a dollar when expended for groceries as the flower who which she was named. Moreover, her distrust of the butler was only equaled by Marguerite's confidence in him.

"Why, I've never seen him give her any change yet!" thought the old lady indignantly. And she never had, for the butler kept a book in which all moneys received and expended were carefully entered. "I'll save her what money I can while I'm here, anyway," the old lady thought.

After that, "Let me go to market," I'd so enjoy going out early in the morning," became a frequent request, and Marguerite would obediently order the carriage and market baskets as usual, and to her unholy hours of the day.

As she did not want Aunt Abigail to be subjected in her buying, she usually gave her twice as much money as she would have given the butler.

At first when Aunt Abigail returned from market Marguerite expected change, but this was never returned.

"Of course it is only small amounts," Marguerite worried, "and of course she might forget to return it sometimes; but I can't understand how she can always forget."

Before Miss Abigail had been at her nephew's long she noticed Marguerite's careless way of handling as well as spending money.

"Now," she thought, one morning, "there is that roll of bills Charlie gave her for the hospital to-day. She just ran a pin through them and stuck them to her cushion. Like as not that French maid will pick off a five-dollar bill, and Marguerite will never miss it. I believe I'll pocket it myself and see."

So late a big purse went the money, to keep company with the fast-accumulating store of market funds.

But Marguerite did miss that five-dollar bill, and moreover she knew exactly where it went. Song birds, perhaps, may not look as wise as owls, but surely their eyes are brighter, and oftentimes, when they are perched on a rosebush, pouring out their very hearts in song, they are keeping a sharp lookout for their dinners, as many a fitting moth could testify.

Marguerite very soon learned that it was not safe to leave money where Miss Abigail could find it. She noticed it was never taken from her purse or cash drawer, but a stray five-dollar bill never failed to vanish if it were left alone in Aunt Abigail's company. At first she was aghast at her discovery.

"How can she?" she would say over and over to herself. "Such a church-woman, too, and so good to me! I love her in spite of it."

It was hard to keep her discovery to herself, but she remembered the old look Mr. Van Essen had given her when he had asked her to love his old aunt, and overlooked her peculiarities in money matters for his sake.

"Of course he knows she's a kleptomaniac," Marguerite thought, "and was too generous and loving to say so. Well, I can be generous, too."

Then she comforted herself with the reflection that Aunt Abigail was going back to Vermont soon, and had made a will in Charlie's favor.

One dreadful thought haunted and worried her. "Suppose some day Aunt Abigail takes something from some one else? What could I do?" No detective ever shadowed a suspect more vigilantly than Marguerite did Aunt Abigail.

"Come, Marguerite," exclaimed Miss Abigail, the morning of the day she was to leave, "don't keep Charlie standing there saying good-by any longer. I am going to take you down to the jeweler's and let you choose a diamond as bright as your eyes to help you remember your old aunt."

"Oh, how lovely," cried the delighted Marguerite, while Mr. Van Essen added his enthusiastic thanks, exclaiming, as he drew on his gloves: "But don't, Aunt Abigail, pray don't let her go into a glove store! I happened to look into her account book last night, and find she has been buying unnumbered pairs of gloves. I actually believe half the money I have given her for household expenses has gone for gloves this month."

Marguerite flushed, then laughed sanely.

"We'll buy what we want, won't we, aunt?"

A little pang shot through her.

"How I must watch the dear old thing!" she thought. "It would be too dreadful if she should—"

But the thought was not formulated. It really was too dreadful.

Once at the jeweler's, it was hard work to watch Aunt Abigail as they placed before them, and she became more and more absorbed in choosing a pin.

Suddenly she noticed a puzzled look come into the face of the clerk who was waiting on them, and he began carefully counting the pins in the tray before him. It seemed for a moment as if her heart stopped beating, and she turned first scarlet and then deadly white as she saw him shove the tray hastily into a case, and calling another clerk, asked him to finish the sale.

"Why, what's the matter, dearie?" asked Miss Abigail. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Oh, auntie," cried Marguerite, softly, under her breath, "come one

has taken a pin! If they would only put it back quick before the other clerk gets here it might not be found out. Oh, auntie, I shall die! What shall we do? If they find the pin on anyone it will be an everlasting disgrace, and they will be sure to search us, auntie—they will be sure to search us!"

The imploring violet eyes raised to Miss Abigail ought to have melted the heart of the stoniest criminal, but she only whispered back, while a sudden color flamed up in her own faded cheeks and her teeth shut hard:

"I guess they won't find it on me, and I ain't going to be searched neither."

"Oh, auntie, dear auntie," begged a whispering voice, "do—do be quick!" "What does the child mean?" echoed the old lady, under her breath, while the clerk, seeing the evident fright and worry in the faces before him, began regarding them with startled suspicion.

"What?"

But before she could go further Mr. Park, one of the proprietors, came forward, quietly saying:

"Come this way, ladies, please!"

The two followed him to his private office, and once there, the younger one raised a quivering face to his, saying:

"May I speak with you a moment entirely alone, please? And will you telephone Mr. Charles Van Essen to come here at once?"

"With pleasure," was the polite response. "James," turning to a clerk, "telephone Mr. Van Essen. And now will you come here, Mrs. Van Essen?"

The two disappeared before Miss Abigail's bewildered eyes into an inner office.

"For mercy's sake!" ejaculated that horrified lady. "It can't be! It just can't be! Little Marguerite would take that pin!"

Then the sound of a pleading voice came to her through the door, that had not quite latched:

"I am perfectly willing to pay for it if you only won't prosecute!"

"Goodness!" sighed the aghast listener.

"Kleptomaniac—she can't help taking little things," drifted through the door.

"Horrible! too horrible!" commented Miss Abigail.

"Only wait until Mr. Van Essen comes! He doesn't know about it," continued the voice inside, "at least I'm not sure that he knows."

"Don't be!" cried the horrified but loving aunt, outside. "Then he never shall!" Without hesitation she opened the door and rushed in.

"Here, Mr. Storekeeper!" she cried; "don't say another word about that diamond. I'm perfectly willing to pay for it. Just make out your bill, and I'll give you a check. There, there, Margie, pet! Auntie knows it'll never happen again, and don't you cry so, dearie!"—for Marguerite, when Aunt Abigail offered to pay for the missing gem, gave a little cry of dismay and began sobbing violently.

The proprietor looked in puzzled surprise from one lady to the other. Certainly Miss Abigail was the most straightforward thief he had ever seen; but before he could accept her offer Mr. Van Essen walked in.

"Don't tell him a word, Marguerite!" implored Aunt Abigail.

"Why, what's the matter?" he demanded. "What have you been crying for, my darling?"

"Oh, Charlie! it was—it was looked as if she were going to cry again."

"It was about the pin I wanted to give her," answered Miss Abigail, serenely. "She couldn't decide which one to take, and so we sent for you."

"After all she must be an old offender," thought the indignant merchant; "I've a mind not to let her off so easily."

"I don't see what you are doing in here," persisted Mr. Van Essen. "I can't understand yet why Marguerite should be crying about it."

"Give it to him," interposed the proprietor, politely. "I believe you have it, Miss Van Essen."

"Me!" exclaimed Miss Abigail, sharply. "You mean Mrs. Van Essen. Give him the diamond, pet, and let him see it! Auntie is going to pay for it, you know," she added, soothingly, with a significant look at the proprietor.

"I haven't the diamond!" cried the startled Marguerite.

"You haven't it!" echoed Miss Abigail. "Then what made you say so?"

"Me!" almost screamed Marguerite. "Me—I say I had it!"

"Well, if you haven't it, who has?" demanded the now aroused Miss Abigail. "I heard you say you had it. You said you were a kleptomaniac!"

"The deuce, Aunt Abigail!" cried the bewildered Mr. Van Essen. "What does this all mean?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Miss Abigail, all her coolness leaving her when she discovered Marguerite either was not the thief she had confessed herself or was so hardened she now meant to deny it entirely. "I'm sure I don't know. Ask him."

It was evidently useless to question Marguerite, who sat staring at Miss Abigail in anguished entreaty, murmuring feebly, "Oh, auntie, do—do tell—please do! It will be much better!" and similar disconnected sentences.

Mr. Van Essen turned sternly to the proprietor.

"Do I understand you accuse one of these ladies of—"

"Oh, Charlie, don't blame her!" interrupted Aunt Abigail. "She is so young!"

Then Marguerite, flinging herself into Mr. Van Essen's arms, exclaimed:

"You know she was a kleptomaniac, Charlie! Why—why did you let her come here to-day?"

"Knew who was a kleptomaniac?" interposed Mr. Van Essen.

"Aunt Abigail, of course!" sobbed Marguerite, clinging to him. "You

said she was peculiar about money matters, and I found she only took a very little—just market money and a few bills—and I didn't care. Charlie charged it to new gloves every time in the account, and—"

Here Miss Abigail hastily pulled an envelope from her pocket, ejaculating:

"Merciful Heaven! I do believe the child thinks I stole from her! Read that, Charlie. I meant to give it to her when I left to-night."

Mr. Van Essen, too bewildered to ask questions, read slowly, aloud:

"My Dear Niece Aunt Abigail has been a little worried over the loose way in which you trust that butler and maid. I know you won't believe it, but here is forty dollars I have picked up around the house and got in change at market. To it I have put forty dollars more. With it I want you to buy something pretty and keep it where you can always see it, as a little reminder to be more careful of your small change."

Loveingly,

"AUNT ABIGAIL."

"Oh, auntie!" cried Marguerite, rushing to her, "then you aren't a kleptomaniac, after all!"

Before Miss Abigail could reply a clerk entered hastily, and said to Mr. Park:

"Here is that lost diamond, sir. It was caught on a pendant pin the ladies were looking at, and was put into another tray where I just discovered it."

The quartet in the room gazed at each other a moment, and then Mr. Van Essen, who had been looking as black as a thundercloud, burst out laughing.

"Do you know," he cried, "this is the last of April, and if there is a bigger set of fools, or at least a worse-fooled set, in the city, I should like to see them! Aunt Abigail, you and Marguerite kiss and make up, and we will all go home."

"Yes," replied the forgiving aunt, "that's what we'll do, Marguerite. There's no denying we are a pair of April fools, but nobody can say we ain't honest ones."—McC's Monthly.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

The business man who is going to advertise next week is a twin brother of the fellow who is always just missing a fortune by the skin of his teeth.

When a girl comes home from school, and is as nice and modest as a girl who has not been away to school, it is a sign that she has extra good sense.

Personal consciousness is, perhaps, a higher and more satisfying proof of a life beyond the grave than any historical or logical proof that can be offered.

If some dealers worked as hard to build up their own business as they do to tear down that of their competitors, there wouldn't be so many failures to record.

That love which is based on the mutual esteem of pure hearts, refracting and reflecting the ray of good qualities on each other, is alone productive of earthly joy.

If you want to accomplish anything as it should be done, you must go about it coolly, moderately, faithfully, heartily. Hurrying, fretting, fumbling, spluttering, will do no good.

If you mean to do something worthy of being remembered, mind your work well, but never mind your fame; leave that to time. He is the lawful administrator of all such affairs.

There is a great difference between being in the world, and having the world in us. Let a ship be in the water and it is all right, but let the water be in the ship and down she goes.

When the burdens of life rest heavily upon us, when sometimes a weight of despair seems to be settling down upon our hearts, then we know the value of sympathy, the need of a helping hand.

Heroes of principle are the demand of the hour—men who believe something and who will not swerve from what they believe, and who are not time servers, weather cocks, fickle and variable; these are the characters most necessary to-day to the stability and progress of society.—The South-West.

How He Saved the Old Blue-Back.

In B. F. Beard & Co.'s safe they keep an old blue-back spelling book which they use temporarily for putting away their checks, papers, etc., coming in through the day. The other morning the News man happened to be standing by when the bookkeeper was adjusting the account for the previous day, and had the book in his hand. Mr. B. F. Beard remarked that there was an incident connected with that book which he would not soon forget. Said he: "During the war the guerrillas were pretty thick around here, and a man didn't know when he or his property either were safe. One day a half dozen or more of these fellows walked into our store intent on robbery. We then did business in the old frame near Johnson's corner. The leader of the gang walked in and ordered me to open the safe. I tried to evade him by telling him that I didn't have the key; that my brother had it and that he was not in. This seemed to make matters worse, so he cocked his old carbine, and drew it up and said, 'If you don't open that safe I'll blow your head off.' Well, I concluded that it was best to unlock, which I did. They went into the safe tumbling out papers and everything on the hunt of money. In the scurrying the old blue-back spelling book rolled out on the floor with \$800 in bills in it. The man didn't seem to notice it at all, and while I stood there watching him pifer whatever he could find, he turned his head for something and I kicked the old blue-back under the safe and saved \$800. They got considerable money, but the old blue-back escaped, and we intend to hold on to it."—Clatsop (Ky.) News.

NOTES OF THE WHEEL.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO DEVOTEES OF THE BICYCLE.

Jimmie Michael's Racing Plans—The Champion Will Have More Men to Meet the Coming Season—Another English Idea.



UDLEY MARKS, the well-known English manager, having cabled with in the last few days to England for the great middle-distance rider, Tom Linton, interest in the racing situation as regards the middle-distance riders increases several fold.

With Linton in America Michael's work for next season, should he win the championship, seems far greater than was that of the past season, when Michael won fourteen of fifteen contests. Michael's manager claims that the little fellow will ride fewer races next season than he did in '97. Should he stick to this declaration Michael will have the opportunity of meeting few men more than once, owing to the greatly enlarged field. Bald declares that Michael must meet him in the postponed race of January 8, the first thing in the spring. Michael has said that he will take on two native-born Americans in a contest of twenty-five miles, his competitors to relay for that distance and he to travel the entire distance. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Chicago and other cities will arrange big middle-distance match races for purses larger than any of the past season, and in these Michael will find a sufficient number of contests to complete his season's booking. Fifteen races will never complete his list at the present outlook. One of the first races that Eddie Bald will arrange in '98 will be the postponed match with Jimmie Michael. Bald intends to lay around his home in Buffalo for a rest and will then go South to prepare carefully for next season. Bald has given up his idea of going to Europe, and says that the coming to this country of the champions of Europe makes that trip unnecessary.

Another English Idea.

In England there is an association, conducted on the co-operative plan, from which women exclusively can rent wheels by the quarter or by the year. The rates are low and yet scheduled so that the association will receive from three years' rental the original price of the wheel. The amount paid for leasing is credited to members who rent the wheels, less a percentage for expenses and repairs. For the poorer class of working women the plan seems much more suitable than the installment method, which causes payments to fall due with relentless regularity. In this co-operative plan members rent wheels as they want them and can afford it, yet all the time are laying up credit against an ultimate purchase. Sometimes two girls, or even three, combine to hire a wheel and take turns in using it, and the association makes no objection. To further protect the association against loss and encourage members, higher prices are charged the first year and successively lower rates the following year.

Winner of Austral Race.

The well-known two-mile Austral race, which is held annually at Melbourne, took place the other day. This is one of the largest open competition races held in the world. The first prize is \$1,000; second, \$500, and third, \$175. The event is a handicap. Some of the best-known English professional cyclists competed, including J. Platt-Betts and C. F. Barden, from scratch, John Green, with 20 yards, and H. Reynolds, the Irish champion, with 40 yards. A middle-mark man from Australia, J. Carpenter, who had 85 yards handicap.

Spokes.

Cyclometers are said to be used on cabs in Berlin, Dresden and Leipzig. The legal fare can then be computed from the distance traveled by the occupants.

There is a new tire on the market, and it is said to combine all the merits of a punctureless tire. It cannot leak, it need not be inflated, and is said to be as light as a pneumatic tire. Its composition is of fibre, granulated cork and rubber, covered with a canvas coat, coated with rubber.

A good method to clean a chain is to boil it in water with a generous quantity of sal soda. Boil long enough to remove all particles of dirt and gum thoroughly. Wash in clear, hot water, then dry, thoroughly. Warm the chain through with dry heat, and place it in a good lubricating oil, allowing it to remain until cool. Remove, hang up to drain, and wipe fairly clean of oil. The first part of this method cleans the rivets and the method of oiling gets the oil in on the rivets, where it is needed.

The up-to-date cycling costume of women for winter riding, according to London fashions, are made of colored material, red and orange being chiefly favored. Lining is a feature, and is surely taking the place of the plain gown. The reign of colors is unquestionable, dresses being given a strong and cheery appearance by such display. For the cold weather fur trimming for the gowns and coats is also more or less in vogue. Large, fancy buttons add to the appearance of the costume, and promise to be considered stylish for some time to come.

A Nebraska School Master.

A Nebraska editor visited the village school and was greatly impressed with the schoolmaster. On reaching his sanctum he penned the following letter: "She is the pride of the town, the star of the west, the mother of invention, and a jewel of rare brilliancy. She drew a picture of an iceberg on the blackboard. It was so natural that the thermometer froze up solid. With rare presence of mind she seized a crayon and drew a fireplace on the opposite wall. The prompt action saved the school, but they all caught cold from the sudden change."—Fond du Lac (Wis.) Reporter.

Fewer of Divisions.

Chief Consul Sterling Elliott, of the Massachusetts division of the League of American Wheelmen has given out the following interesting opinion on the power of divisions to instruct their national delegates on questions at issue.

"Previous to the meeting of the National Assembly at Albany in February 1897, the Board of Officers of the Missouri Division instructed the Missouri

delegates to the National Assembly to vote in favor of Sunday option. One of the delegates preferring not to vote in this way, protested, and claimed that he could not be thus instructed. The question was referred to the National Committee on Rights and Privileges, of which G. L. Cooke, of Providence, R. I., was chairman. He referred the matter to the other members of the Rights and Privileges Committee, who were Herbert W. Knight of Newark, N. J., and Conway Sams, of Baltimore. The committee decided unanimously that the board's power ended with the election of the delegates; that it could not control their actions afterward, and that the board stood in precisely the same relation to the delegates elected by it as the State Legislatures do to the United States Senate. The Legislatures elect the Senators, and that is as far as their power extends."

Eddie Bald, the sprint champion, declares that under no conditions will he race Lebr, the German champion, should Lebr race Eaton, the indoor king, and be defeated by him. Lebr's stand taken some time ago outlined this possibility and he accordingly refused to race Eaton or Kiser until he had taken on Bald. The champion says moreover that he will not race Lebr until the spring in the North and this position of the two champions will put match races out of the question in consequence until the early spring. Meanwhile Lebr is training steadily with his team mates, Kaser and Garinier, in the South. He will probably enter the open competition before racing Bald, and much interest will be taken from the match race when it does occur in consequence.

New President Chicago Cycling Club.

Orlando Adams, recently elected captain of the Chicago Cycling Club, is

one of the most popular riders in that old-time organization. His capture of the third time prize in the last Chicago road race marks him as one of the fastest men in the city. He succeeds Jim Levy, who set the pace for two years.

Something New.

In the Paris cycle exhibition there is a foot-warming pedal. The pedal is a sort of box, in which are inserted two small cakes of charcoal composition that burns slowly and does not smoke. It is claimed for it that it will burn four hours and keep the feet of the slowest rider comfortable.

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BASE BALL GOSSIP.

NEWS NOTES, COMMENT AND PERSONAL CHAT.

President Ebbetts of the Brooklyn Club will at all times bear the olive branch of peace—the youngest Magistrate—some interview.

Owner of the Brooklyn Club.

PRESIDENT EBBETTS, of the Brooklyn Club, is quoted as saying: "As far as the policy of our club in major league matters is concerned, we will antagonize nobody. We want to be on the friendliest terms with the New York club, and anybody identified with our concern who says a word against that club or its officials will be sharply called to task. Of course, we wish to keep up the rivalry that has always existed between the New Yorks and Brooklyn on the diamond, but I believe the two representative clubs of Greater New York should stand together for mutual protection and for the good of the game. The players who compose the Brooklyn team will be compelled to live up to every letter of their contracts. They will be forced to 'deliver the goods' for which they are liberally paid. If any of them break the rules and kick over the traces they will be severely disciplined. They will all be treated with consideration and fairness as long as they work in the interests of the club and the patrons of the game, but if they try any monkey business, such as has gone on in the past seasons, they will be rounded up with a sharp turn. In short, the Brooklyn club will be shaken up in a healthy manner, and the patrons who have generously supported us in the past, in spite of poor ball playing, will receive something for their money."

Manager Hanlon, of the Baltimore team, is quoted as expressing his views on the St. Louis club muddle as follows: "I do not think that Brush bought the St. Louis team on his own account. It seems to me more probable that he bought it for other parties. I do not know of any rule in the national agreement that prohibits the ownership by one man of more than one major league team, and yet I do not believe that the National League and American Association would permit such a thing. Should Brush continue to own both teams I have no doubt the games between the two clubs would be honestly played, but public opinion would look askance at a series between the two teams, if that series had any bearing on the championship contest. Mr. Brush has been conspicuous in his work for the good of the game, and I do not believe he would be a party to any transactions that would have any tendency to cast public doubt on its honesty. I believe that the national game should be above reproach, and that no two teams in the major league should be controlled by the same personal influence."

Charles H. Ebbetts, one of the youngest base ball magnates in the National League, has been identified with the sporting, social and political life of Brooklyn for the past fifteen years. He was born in New York on Oct. 29, 1858, and had a public school education. His first business venture was as an architect, but he found the confining work ungenial and soon entered a publishing house. In the spring of 1883 he became identified with the Brooklyn base ball club, and has been its secretary ever since. He has always been a lover of sports, being one of the founders of the old Nassau Athletic club, which flourished at Washington Park during the eighties. He is a consistent cyclist, and has for a number of years been a prominent member of the Good Roads Association, at present occupying an executive office in that organization. It is probably as a bowler that Mr. Ebbetts has become



MANAGER EBBETTS.

so widely known in Brooklyn. He is a member of the Prospect club, the Carleton club, and captain of the Commonwealth Council team of the Royal Arcanum League. The other organizations which claim Mr. Ebbetts as a member include the Park club, and many secret societies. Since he took up his residence in Brooklyn Mr. Ebbetts has lived in the Twenty-second ward. He is a delegate to the Democratic national committee and represented his district in the state legislature in 1896. He was defeated the following year, but last election he was successful in his candidacy for councilman. Mr. Ebbetts was married in 1887 and has three daughters and one son. He has a handsome home at 328 First street, Brooklyn.

Frank C. Bancroft, business manager of the Cincinnati club, said in a

recent interview: "I believe that Old Hoss Radburn was the first pitcher in the league to carry a handicap. When Radburn was at his best he was almost certain to win every game in which he participated. Had at that time had a peculiar way of stepping around the pitcher's box before delivering the ball. The magnates legislated against him, but it did not destroy Radburn's effectiveness, so the pitching distance was increased. And every few years the magnates have been taking a day at the distance. At times Hossy is quite a romancer, and the above appears to be one of his clever veins of imagination, for the rule does not agree with what he says. Rule 5, of the National League, for each season from 1881 to 1891, inclusive, the number of years that Radburn was a member of the organization, except in 1890, when he was with the Players' League, says that the pitcher's distance shall be fifty feet from the center of the home base. In 1887 the first penalty was placed on the pitcher when section 2, of rule 5, says: 'The pitcher shall take his position facing the batsman, with both feet squarely on the ground, the right foot on the rear line of the box, his left foot in advance of the right, and to the left of an imaginary line from his right foot to the center of the home base,' etc. When this penalty was added it was done as a slap at Radburn, for the latter was on the decline then."

Right out of the heart of the Maine forest came Louis F. Sockalexis, the Penobscot. He was tall and straight as his native pines, and his eyes were as clear and bright as the stars in the sky. He was clean-limbed, agile and healthy, and was a superb specimen of the race of athletes he sprang from. Thus we find him as he roamed over his native heath, where his childhood days were spent in wending his never-



LOUIS SOCKALEXIS.

weary footsteps through the winding pathways of his island home, hunting, fishing, and in other ways as are only familiar to the native American. Little is known of his early life, except that he, like the average run of small boys, included base ball in his catalogue of amusements. Just when he began to play the game is a mystery even to himself, for he says he was then not much more than three feet high, and now he stretches his manhood into six feet of the atmosphere. He was born Oct. 24, 1873, at Olltown, Penobscot county, Me., he entered civilization through the gateway of St. Mary's College, and his progress was very rapid until now he is a well educated Indian. From St. Mary's he went to Holy Cross College at Worcester, Mass., and it was while playing with the latter's team, several seasons ago, that Jesse Burkett, of the Cleveland, who was then coaching the Holy Cross team, recommended Sockalexis to Manager Tebeau, of the Cleveland team.

The Philadelphia Ball club, limited, was, on Jan. 6, given a verdict of \$39,089 by a jury at that city, in an action to recover damages for the change of grade at Broad and Huntingdon streets. The case was heard before Judge Audenried, and this is the third time damages have been awarded the club against the city of Philadelphia. A road jury first gave the club a verdict of over \$25,000. This was appealed, and on the second trial a jury placed the damages at \$29,000. The city again appealed and the decision was reversed by the Supreme Court, necessitating the trial which has just closed. The action for damages grew out of the building of the "hump" on Broad street, the club claiming damages for the expense they were put to by having to erect a new wall along Broad street, in having had their carriage gate and entrance at Broad and Huntingdon streets closed, and other items.

Manager Ewing, of the Cincinnati team, said recently: "If Chicago has started a deal for Miller, our right fielder, I have heard nothing about it. I won't say what the Cincinnati club will do in case a trade is offered, because I do not know. It is my impression at this time that all the men under contract and reservation to the club will be kept at least until after the training season at San Antonio. However, it is too early to discuss a deal when no deal is offered. It will depend entirely on what the other club offers whether we will take it or not. We are very well satisfied with the team as it stands. There is no telling what we might do if the proper trade is offered."

The Syracuse team, champions of the Eastern League, will have a hard time holding that title another year, as four of its best players have been drafted since the close of last season. They are Catcher Ryan, Pitchers Willis and Horton and Second Baseman Egan.

PENALTY OF "LINGCHU" IN CHINA

Paricides and Matricides Never Escape the Sword.

In China, when a parent has met with death at the hands of a son or daughter, no circumstances of intention or age are permitted to interfere with the infliction of the penalty, which is that of the "lingchi," followed by decapitation. Any mitigation of this cruel sentence would be considered by the Chinese as aiming a blow at the fundamental principle of filial duty which is supposed to be the ground-work of their code. Time and again has the penalty of "lingchi" been recorded against paricides or matricides, even when they happened to be idiots or lunatics, and therefore not accountable for their action.

The corruption and venality of the great mass of officials in this empire has become a by-word, and it is not strange, therefore, that justice can easily be evaded through bribery. Thus a wealthy man who has been guilty of killing a fellow-creature, whether by premeditation or accident, can escape all serious consequences and receive a sentence to three years' banishment to a spot a thousand miles distant instead of the death penalty. Or, on the other hand, when the relatives of the murdered man are powerful enough to make themselves heard by the officials, and to demand the strict observance of the law, the rich criminal may purchase a substitute from among the beggar class, or perhaps an old faithful servant of the family may be permitted to forfeit his life in his master's stead.

But never has it happened since China had a history that one who had occasioned the death of his parent or parents has contrived to buy himself off and escape the "lingchi," or executed knife, and the executioner's heavy two-handed sword. So deeply has the doctrine of the ancient sages on the observance of filial piety become rooted in the hearts of the people of China that no magistrate would dare to exercise leniency by taking into consideration the circumstances that led to a case of paricide or matricide with the view of mitigating the doom fixed by law. Not only would the magistrate incur thereby the danger of violence from the mob, but he would subvert the obedience due from his own family. A paricide not only brings certain death on himself, but disgrace on the district in which he resides. In the case where both parents are victims Chinese law ordains that a corner of the district city walls shall be pulled down as a lasting chronicle of the shame and disgrace of the district in having sheltered such a monster.

The magistrate and local officials are cashiered and debarred for ever from public employment as a punishment for not having taught more effectively the doctrine of filial piety, while the Governor of the province, with his colleagues, the Treasurer and Judge, together with the taoai and prefect of the district, are all degraded several steps in rank.—North China Daily News.

Mr. Goodnight's 300 Buffaloes.

"There are 300 buffaloes in one herd down in Texas that you newspaper fellows never seem to have heard of," said R. B. Hulin. Mr. Hulin is "the cowboy glove drummer" of Texas. He went on to say:

"Once in a while I see it in print that the buffalo is almost extinct and the reports always state that the only remaining buffaloes are a few on the government reservation in Yellowstone Park and a few more that are scattered in zoological gardens in different cities. I have never seen a mention in print of the herd of 300 on the ranch of Charles P. Goodnight, at Goodnight, Texas. I stop off once a year to sell gloves to Goodnight and the eighty or ninety cowboys who work for him. He has a ranch of 35,000 acres, and 2000 acres of that are fenced off as a buffalo ranch. You often hear it said that in a few years more there will not be a single specimen of the buffalo left alive, because they do not breed well in captivity. It may be true that they do not increase rapidly when they are penned up in parks and zoological gardens, but on Goodnight's 2000 acre range they increase almost as rapidly, I expect, as they used to when they ran wild over the prairies. Goodnight started with twenty-five head of buffaloes a few years ago and he has about 300, and the family is steadily increasing. He will not allow one to be killed and he expects in a few years to have a big herd of several thousand. When it becomes necessary he will enlarge the range, and I don't see any reason why he shouldn't make a big thing out of his buffalo herd."—Kansas City Journal.

American Method the Best.

Germans are adopting American machinery for their manufacturing and American ideas as well. The English manufacturer proclaims boldly—probably for the effect it may have upon his workmen—that if he cannot adopt American machinery and methods in Great Britain he will have to shut up shop. The German and English may be able to compete with each other with the aid of American machinery, and they may be able to excel all the world save this great country from which they are drawing new inspirations. But they cannot get the American pace. Having caught up with them we will pass them—distance them, perhaps—for in all the world there is no such combination of excellence as in these United States of America.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

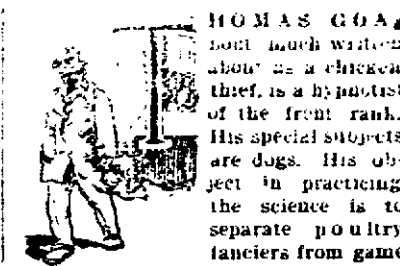
A Long Felt Want.

"What I'd like to see," remarked the little boy, "is a cart for winter like we have to sprinkle the streets in summer. I think a cart that would sprinkle a street with snow about once a time would be a great invention."—Harper's Bazar.

HYPNOTIZES CANINES.

HOW TOM GOABOUT STOLE CHICKENS WITH IMPUNITY.

His Method of Getting Plunder Is Unique—Tells How to Accomplish the Shady Feat with Neatness, Safety and Dispatch.



HOMAS GOA, a St. Louis boy, about the first job he ever worked at was helping a cock fight promoter to secure material for Sunday afternoon amusement. He proved such an adept at the business that the managers relied solely on him to procure the game, giving him a percentage of the receipts for his labor. He made a good thing out of his position for a while, but so many fine cocks were missing from various parts of the city, notwithstanding that they were guarded by vicious mastiffs, that the police were appealed to, resulting in the arrest of Goabout. Phenologists says Tom has a hypnotic head, whatever that may be. His manner is mild, his voice low and his carriage such as to inspire confidence in himself and the subject of his wonderful powers. He never uses a weapon on a dog and would rather lose a pound of flesh than shed one drop of an innocent canine's blood while spending part of an evening in a stranger's yard. He does his work openly and above board. Goabout's method of purloining chickens is unique. He never carries a sack to hide his plunder and suppress the birds' squeaks. He sneaks petty chicken thievery, and disdains to subject himself to arrest for forming an unlawful attachment for plain fowl. From his long experience in handling cock-fighters and associating with promoters of the sport, he knows exactly what kind of game he wants, where to get it, how to get it and when it is best to start out on a pillaging expedition. It must be said,



HYPNOTIZING THE DOG.

of course, inasmuch as Thomas insists that he has reformed, that his information now is more valuable than usual.

"Ah'm diff'rent from othahs in dis respect," declared Tom. "Ah knows how, but nevah does it any moh. De othah felahs is allus doin' it 'cause Ah ain't, an' dey don't know how. Dat's why it's allus foun' out dat de game dis'appears."

"What is 'the secret of success in chicken stealing?" asked the reporter. "Dere ain't no secret wif me. But here's duh fust point. Jes' make yohself b'lieve dat yuh own duh place where yoh done want tuh git in an' walk right tuh yoh bizness without evah gettin' nervous. Den, don't handle a chick like most people. Put yoh han' right undah his body. 'Tween duh legs an' lift him off duh groun' foh he got time to squeal. He'll tink yoh playin' wif him. Handle him gintly; don't use nothin' to hide him away, an' shuh ting he's yoh're chick. It's all in duh knowin' bow, an' ef dat's hypnotism den I'm a hypnotist foh shuh. Dere ain't nothin' tuh do wif yuh want a good game roostah cep'in' walk in duh yahn. Lift yoh han's so's keep duh duh dog, den skate ovah, pick up duh chick and slip out."

"Do you talk to the dog?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, ob cohse, Ah, do. Ah kain't tell jes' what Ah ses, only Ah does duh coxin' act tuh a fare-ye-well. Undahstan', Ah ain't in duh bizness any moh, an' Ah ain't stole a chick or a dog foh a lifetime. I ses jes' illustratin' how de act might be done. Fust, yoh goes into duh yahn as ef yoh owns it. Keep yoh hed standin' up straight an' don't go crawlin' on yoh Thrillies. Dat's a ded giveaway, an' surer'n preachin' de dog's onto yoh heels ef yoh do it."

"Next, wave yoh han's 'loft, talk nice, an' foh Gawd's sake don't say 'Slick 'em, Rovah,' foh dat's anuthah eddick agin yoh. 'Tain't ebry one kain to dis, yoh knows; it jes' seems tuh be in me, an' duh whole op'ration comes all at once. 'Suppose the dog barks at you, Tom?"

"Oh, puhaw! Duh animal might squeak once or twice, but still be all othah wif him ef yoh pronounces right. Don't git skeered 'cause he opens his mouf. Ef he's a little balky, jes' throw a rope 'round his neck takin' a lady, an' put him on de back. He'll come ef yoh ain't a good man. Ah don't go in foh anything but duh blooded stuff. Ah wouldn't take a pug dog an' dat kin' ob beast dat's allus monkeyin' 'bout duh fireplace, an' sittin' in women's laps. Ah preceates ovah fuhdis dat's put in duh yahn tuh duh yoh hart out."

"Were you ever bitten by a dog?" "Yes, but not wifin Ah was lookin' foh one. Once in a saloon, Ah kicked a line an' he ups an' pinches me in duh shin, but it ain't nevah 'mounted tuh much. I ses nevah been bothered wifin' depredatin'. Ah kin steal any dog in duh world without gittin' a scratch an' Ah done prove it."

The "proof" he referred to was an incident that occurred several years ago. Some white men who were acquainted with the negro's proclivities wagered him that he could not go into a certain yard after nightfall and steal a big Russian terrier.

Tom bet \$5 that he could accomplish the feat. The dog was unchained, and when the family had retired, Tom quietly walked into the yard. The dog came bounding toward him, but he did not bark. The darkey whispered into the animal's ear, and pretty soon Tom was walking down the street, followed by the dog. Then the men who wagered against Tom played him false. Seeing that he had won, they called a policeman and had him arrested for stealing.

SERMON WAS TOO REALISTIC.

Indiana Effort Results in a Fancie and a Buried Church.

Rev. Mr. Akin, pastor of the flock of Bethel Church, near Bourbon, Ind., recently concluded that his methods were too old-fashioned. He had read of realistic sermons elsewhere, and determined to give his simple congregation something startling. Unbeknown to the minister, his son, George Akin, also decided to live matters in the church, and succeeded beyond his wildest anticipations. One Sunday night Rev. Mr. Akin took for his theme, "His Satanic Majesty." He is an eloquent man, and he painted the archfiend in such vivid colors that the

audience covered in the seats and cast furtive glances at the dark corners. At the climax of the terrifying description a being, dressed to represent a devil, with large head and switching tail, ambled up the aisle, blowing smoke from his nostrils and bellowing, "I am the devil, and I want all of you." The audience became panic-stricken. Men, women and children were hurled to the floor and trampled upon in the mad rush for the door. In the confusion the stove was upset and the building caught fire. Before the horrified members regained their senses the fire had made such headway that all attempts to save the church were in vain. Next morning George Akin confessed that he, with the help of neighboring boys, rigged up a devil

of course, inasmuch as Thomas insists that he has reformed, that his information now is more valuable than usual.

"Ah'm diff'rent from othahs in dis respect," declared Tom. "Ah knows how, but nevah does it any moh. De othah felahs is allus doin' it 'cause Ah ain't, an' dey don't know how. Dat's why it's allus foun' out dat de game dis'appears."

"What is 'the secret of success in chicken stealing?" asked the reporter. "Dere ain't no secret wif me. But here's duh fust point. Jes' make yohself b'lieve dat yuh own duh place where yoh done want tuh git in an' walk right tuh yoh bizness without evah gettin' nervous. Den, don't handle a chick like most people. Put yoh han' right undah his body. 'Tween duh legs an' lift him off duh groun' foh he got time to squeal. He'll tink yoh playin' wif him. Handle him gintly; don't use nothin' to hide him away, an' shuh ting he's yoh're chick. It's all in duh knowin' bow, an' ef dat's hypnotism den I'm a hypnotist foh shuh. Dere ain't nothin' tuh do wif yuh want a good game roostah cep'in' walk in duh yahn. Lift yoh han's so's keep duh duh dog, den skate ovah, pick up duh chick and slip out."

"Do you talk to the dog?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, ob cohse, Ah, do. Ah kain't tell jes' what Ah ses, only Ah does duh coxin' act tuh a fare-ye-well. Undahstan', Ah ain't in duh bizness any moh, an' Ah ain't stole a chick or a dog foh a lifetime. I ses jes' illustratin' how de act might be done. Fust, yoh goes into duh yahn as ef yoh owns it. Keep yoh hed standin' up straight an' don't go crawlin' on yoh Thrillies. Dat's a ded giveaway, an' surer'n preachin' de dog's onto yoh heels ef yoh do it."

"Next, wave yoh han's 'loft, talk nice, an' foh Gawd's sake don't say 'Slick 'em, Rovah,' foh dat's anuthah eddick agin yoh. 'Tain't ebry one kain to dis, yoh knows; it jes' seems tuh be in me, an' duh whole op'ration comes all at once. 'Suppose the dog barks at you, Tom?"

"Oh, puhaw! Duh animal might squeak once or twice, but still be all othah wif him ef yoh pronounces right. Don't git skeered 'cause he opens his mouf. Ef he's a little balky, jes' throw a rope 'round his neck takin' a lady, an' put him on de back. He'll come ef yoh ain't a good man. Ah don't go in foh anything but duh blooded stuff. Ah wouldn't take a pug dog an' dat kin' ob beast dat's allus monkeyin' 'bout duh fireplace, an' sittin' in women's laps. Ah preceates ovah fuhdis dat's put in duh yahn tuh duh yoh hart out."

"Were you ever bitten by a dog?" "Yes, but not wifin Ah was lookin' foh one. Once in a saloon, Ah kicked a line an' he ups an' pinches me in duh shin, but it ain't nevah 'mounted tuh much. I ses nevah been bothered wifin' depredatin'. Ah kin steal any dog in duh world without gittin' a scratch an' Ah done prove it."

The "proof" he referred to was an incident that occurred several years ago. Some white men who were acquainted with the negro's proclivities wagered him that he could not go into a certain yard after nightfall and steal a big Russian terrier.

Tom bet \$5 that he could accomplish the feat. The dog was unchained, and when the family had retired, Tom quietly walked into the yard. The dog came bounding toward him, but he did not bark. The darkey whispered into the animal's ear, and pretty soon Tom was walking down the street, followed by the dog. Then the men who wagered against Tom played him false. Seeing that he had won, they called a policeman and had him arrested for stealing.

Indiana Effort Results in a Fancie and a Buried Church.

Rev. Mr. Akin, pastor of the flock of Bethel Church, near Bourbon, Ind., recently concluded that his methods were too old-fashioned. He had read of realistic sermons elsewhere, and determined to give his simple congregation something startling. Unbeknown to the minister, his son, George Akin, also decided to live matters in the church, and succeeded beyond his wildest anticipations. One Sunday night Rev. Mr. Akin took for his theme, "His Satanic Majesty." He is an eloquent man, and he painted the archfiend in such vivid colors that the

"GOD'S ACRE"

Each a wide domain. East and west, as gentle winds are singing in their quest, among the graves, as their whispers low, bright soothe the slumbers. No there, as they

About their children's beds, sweet slumbers, so kind Nature seems most to them, and dear. Lighting her pleasant lamps at eventide, she guards this holy place, so still and wide.

And a vast homestead! As its friendly doors are wide from dawn till dusk, and on its floor its gladness and its cloud is rain. And winter's snows have not return again—And God's great plan is not to change time, and nothing ever is varied zone and clime.

A call to our hearts, with sealed eyes, God's own, till He proclaim, "Awake, Arise!"

—Mrs. M. Walsh, in Youta's Companion.

PITH AND POINT.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben,

"dar wouldn't be so much objection to a man habbin' his own opinion ef he didn't persist in givin' 'em out as 'tryin' ter gib ebrybody else a clear title to it."—Washington Star.

Deacon Haubly—"We're going to have a reformed prize fighter talk at the temperance meeting Thursday night." The Deacon's Son—"How is it possible that he can be reformed if he still talks?"—Chicago News.

"You mean to tell me that you don't think football ought to be suppressed? Just look how many get maimed and killed in the game." "It doesn't maim and kill anybody except football players."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Great men," remarked the thoughtful soul, "are frequently misunderstood by the public." "That," replied Senator Borah, gravely, "is very true. And mighty lucky it is for some of them."—Washington Star.

Bill Yale—"That man Williams never lost his head in a football game yet, did he?" Jim Cornell—"No, I think not. He's lost an ear, part of his nose, eight teeth—but I do not remember ever hearing of him losing his head."

First Tramp (pointing to a scarecrow in a corn field)—"Look! Lookes there?" Second Tramp—"My! My! We must get out of this, double quick. They've caught one of us fellows and nailed him to a pole."—New York Weekly.

Jay Green (sighing)—"If them people don't do different about it, blamed if I'll go to the party to-morrow night." Josh Medders—"What do you want 'em to do in order to get you to go?" Jay Green—"Invite me."—Boston Traveler.

"Is he a novelist?" asked one young woman, as she picked up a photograph. "No, indeed," replied the other with enthusiasm. "He's no novelist; he's a story writer. You can understand and enjoy everything he does."—Washington Star.

"Have you completed your plan for hastening the business of the United States Senate?" "Partly," replied the newly-elected Senator. "I have prepared a speech on the subject which it will take me three days to deliver."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Spriggins—"Where's your daughter, Mrs. Wiggins?" Mrs. Wiggins—"She's gone to the cooking school. And that reminds me, I must go into the kitchen and get supper, for she'll be hungry as a bear when she gets home."—New York Weekly.

Brown—"Ah, Smith, let me introduce you to Mr. Cayley Gott. I'm sure you've read his famous books." Smith—"No-no. I'm afraid I haven't had the pleasure." Brown—"Oh, of course you have, my dear fellow, but you've forgotten—that's it."—Punch.

"I am told," remarked Miss Cayenne, "that you said some very clever things last evening." "Yes," replied Willie Washington; "it is very discouraging." "What is?" "The surprising manner in which everybody is talking about it."—Washington Star.

Henry Clay's Unique Experiences.

One of our morning contemporaries remarks: "It isn't often that a Congressman has an opportunity to rise and address the House on the day that he first takes his seat. Congressman Lawrence's distinction in this respect comes very near to being unique."

Our contemporary might have added, however, that another unique distinction was that of Henry Clay, who was chosen Speaker of the National House on November 4, 1811, which was the very first day of his service in that body. Preceding this unique episode in his career which was equally unique, namely, his service for several months as a member of the United States Senate before he was constitutionally eligible to membership in that body. Clay was born on April 12, 1777, but he took his seat in the Senate on December 29, 1806, when he lacked about three and a half months of having attained the age of thirty years, which the Constitution prescribes as one of the qualifications for membership of the Senate. Probably it was not generally known at the time that Clay had not reached the age required by the Constitution, for no objection was raised to his admission to the Senate.—Boston Transcript.

Rev. Soprano.

There is not a single female voice in the choir at St. Peter's, in Rome, and yet the most difficult oratorios and sacred music written are rendered in such a manner as to make one think that Adeline Patti's high soprano is leading. The choir is composed of sixty boys. They are trained for the work from the time they get control of their vocal chords, and some of the best singers are not over one year old. At the age of seventeen all begin leave the choir.—New York World.



REV. AKIN.

suit, and, knowing the subject of his father's sermon, concealed himself behind a chair and awaited the arrival of the audience.

Reckless.

Willie—I put a pin in the teacher's chair this morning, and he was wild. Robbie Well, he won't sit down in such a hurry again. Willie—No; neither will I.—The Philadelphian.

A Big Drive SHOES!

Men's Dress Shoes, Lace or Con-
gums, any toe 98c
Ladies' Dongola Shoes, Patent
with Tip, Lace or Button 98c
Misses' Fine Dongola, 1 1/2 to 5 1/2 \$1.50
Lace or Button, worth \$2.00, now \$2.50
Men's Fine Dress Shoes, Lilly
Brockett & Co. make, worth
\$2.50 and \$3.00, drive price
Ladies' Dongola Buttons, Good-
year Welt, regular price \$2.00,
a few pairs left, will close
them out at \$2.00

Bring Your Tickets and Come to the

WAUGH SHOE STORE,

31 PUBLIC SQUARE.

FAUROT OPERA
HOUSE

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 14.

DONNELLY AND GIRARD

America's Greatest Comedians.

In the funniest play extant.

THE GEEZER.

Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c; Boxes, \$1.00.

Everybody Should Have
a Bottle of PureGrape Brandy or
WhiskeyIN THEIR HOUSE FOR
MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

It can be had at the

California Wine Co.

Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Murphy,
Physicians and Accoucheurs.Devote special attention to family
practice and to the ladies during the lying-in.
Confinement charges \$25.00, including at-
tendance during the usual nine days. Calls
promptly attended day and night. Office
and Residence, 618 North Main Street. Bell
Telephone, 327.

Household Goods and Pianos Moved

In the Most Careful Manner.

STORAGE OF ALL KINDS SOLICITED

CITY STORAGE HOUSE,

E. STICKNEY, Proprietor.

Call New Phone 500. 426 South Main Street.

Notice. New Management!

New, but the best workmen
in the city. We are the leaders, and will not
be outdone by any one. We are able to give
you the best service in the city. Better still,
we can give you the BEST BATH in the city
for the small sum of 25 cents. Give us a call.
KABEL & FREES, Y. M. C. A. BATHING SHOP.

Office Removed

To my residence, 734 South Main
Street, first door South of Main
Street Presbyterian Church.

A. S. RUDY, M. D.

MONEY TO LOAN

At the Very Lowest Rate of Interest and
on Short Notice. We have a large amount
of money to loan on long time, in sums of
\$50 and upward, on city property and im-
proved farm lands, with privilege of paying
part or all at any interest paying day. Per-
sons wishing Cheap Money on Easy Terms
will find it will be to their interest to call.
City property, vacant lots and farms for sale
on small payments.C. H. FOLSOM,
Real Estate and Loan Broker,
Rooms Nos. 7 and 8 Holmes Block, Lima, O.

Anti-Germicide

CURES all kinds of
Throat Diseases,
such as Enlarged Ton-
sels, Quinsey, Croup,
Sore Throat from any
cause. Any family who
uses this medicine can
prevent their children
from taking Diphther-
ia. It is simply a spe-
cific for such diseases.
Pleasant to the taste
and harmless.

MANUFACTURED BY

The Anti-Germicide Co.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CENTS.



NOTICE.

Where delivery of pa-
per is irregular please re-
port immediately to this
office, or telephone 417.

EVENTS TO-NIGHT.

Council meeting.
Meeting of board of education
Tailors' Union
C. M. B. A.
Knights of St. John.
I. O. F. court.
K. of A. E. O.
Lima camp, Modern Woodmen of
America.
Protected Home Circle.

LOCAL NEWS.

Miss Eloise Waters' guest is Miss
Dryfoos, of Fremont.Mrs. Patterson and son, of New
Bremen, are in the city.Frank Rich spent Sunday in Fort
Wayne, the guest of relatives.Mr. W. Cooney has gone to New
York City to purchase fall goods.Mrs. J. E. Grosjean and daughter
have returned from Fredericksburg,
Ohio.Mrs. Fye, of Hamler, O., is visiting
her son, J. W. Fye, on North Main
street.Mr. Walter Cooney, of the firm of
Carroll & Cooney, left for Fort Wayne
Saturday night.Miss Katherine McCoy has as her
guests Mrs. W. C. Webb and Mrs. W.
H. Weir, of Spencerville.Joseph Bletzacker was called to his
home at Lancaster, O., on account of
the death of his sister, Mrs. Hugh
Cannon, of Columbus, O.Mrs. Lizzie L. Curl, of Delphos, is
visiting her mother and sister, Mrs.
Susan Brown and Mrs. J. G. Wolph,
of 125 East McKibben street.Miss Ella Gluck, of Kenton, O., af-
ter a delightful visit with her sisters,
Mrs. J. Reilly of East High street, and
Mrs. A. Neuman on South McDonel,
has returned home.

CRITICAL CONDITION.

Mrs. J. C. Atmur Submitted to an
Operation in Ft. Wayne.Mrs. J. C. Atmur submitted to a
very delicate and dangerous operation
in Fort Wayne Saturday. It cannot
yet be told what the result will be, but
her condition is very dangerous at
present, and it is feared that she can-
not survive. The operation was the
only hope of saving her life, and was
performed by the most skillful special-
ists of that city.

FUNERAL OF WM. PUGH.

The funeral of William C. Pugh who
died in the Toledo hospital Saturday,
will occur from the family residence
to-morrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock,
Rev. Swanson officiating.It's Easy to Dye with
Diamond DyesWith Diamond Dyes any one can make color-
equal in beauty and fastness to the work of the
professional dyer.Enterprise Drug Store
OPEN ALL NIGHT.FAUROT OPERA
HOUSE

HOYT NIGHT.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 16.

Hoyt's Greatest Best and
Hottest Comedy

A BLACK SHEEP

Full of Bright Witicisms, Breezy
Comicalities, Funny Situations.Full of Up to Date Music, Singing,
Dancing, etc.

Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c; Boxes, \$1.00.

COURTS.

Bath Township School Case on Trial
in Common Pleas Court.A Compromise Reached and the Jury Dis-
missed—Assignment of Cases For Next
Week—Other Court News.The case of the board of trustees of
Bath township against James B. Town-
send, of the Lima Northern, is on trial
in the court of common pleas to-day.
The case grew out of a contract en-
tered into by the parties. The railroad
desired to appropriate 90 feet of the
lot on which a school building stood
and agreed to purchase 1 1/4 acres
near the school house and move the
building to the new lot. In addition
to this it was agreed that the company
should build the outhouses and drill a
well.After the road was built the school
house was blown down in a storm.
The railroad company then refused to
erect a new building. There was no
place in which school could be held,
and therefore a new school house was
built by the board. They then brought
suit for damages. By agreement of
counsel the jury in the case was dis-
missed and a partial compromise was
reached. The minor points in the
case were argued before Judge Sheets.

ALLEN TOWN BRIDGE.

The commissioners went to Allen-
town this afternoon to inspect the
bridge at that point. A new bridge
may be built.

ASSIGNMENT OF CASES

Cases were assigned for trial this
morning as follows:February 21, Milton Pangle vs E. S.
Yoakum; John A. Chize vs Midland
Plaster Co.February 22, Mary L. Metheany vs
J. B. Jackman & SonsFebruary 23, C. P. Chidster vs.
Henry Hanenstein; Sarah E. Large vs.
David D. Beeler.February 24, H. G. Smith vs. The
Lima Northern Railway Company.February 25, Robert Lewis vs Ebe-
nezer F. Davis.

GRAND JURY

A venire was issued for the grand
jury this morning and they were in
session at 10 o'clock. The following
witnesses from Delphos were in the
city: Mayor Baxter, T. F. O'Neil,
Otto Linderman, Charles Bowman,
George McDonald, Mrs. Mary Baxter,
Earl Maxon, Henry Murphy and Geo.
Sergeant.

BARN BURNED.

Saturday Night Fire Which Destroyed
a Barn on Findlay Street.The fire department was called out
Saturday night at 10:30 o'clock. Fire
had been discovered in the barn of
Mr. Mahone, located just east of the C.
H. & D. on Findlay street. The barn
was engulfed in flames before the de-
partment arrived, and seeing that the
barn could not be saved, and that there
was no danger of the flames spreading,
the department threw no water. The
barn and contents were fully insured.

MAYO COMING.

The announcement that Edward
Mayo will appear in "Puddin' Head
Wilson" at the Faurot next Saturday
night has caused much interest among
theater goers. There are two "Pud-
din' Head Wilson" companies on the
road, but this is the No. 1 company,
the same one in which Frank Mayo
played before his death.

WEATHER REPORT.

Threatening weather to-night; rain
and warmer Tuesday.

LOW FARE TO CLEVELAND

Via the Pennsylvania Lines, February
22nd and 23d.Excursion tickets to Cleveland will
be sold via Pennsylvania Lines Feb.
22d and 23d account the Students Vol-
unteer Movement in behalf of Foreign
Missions. The low fare may be taken
advantage of by the public generally.
Excursion tickets will be good return-
ing until Feb. 28th, inclusive. Get
details of nearest Pennsylvania Lines
Ticket Agent.

LIME AND COAL.

For fresh lime from
kiln, and best Jackson
Hill coal, send your or-
ders to Wm. Pugh. All
orders promptly filled.
Old phone, No. 31.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

The undersigned assignee in trust for the
benefit of the creditors of W. L. Stahl, will
sell at public auction at and from the Allen
county court house, Lima, Ohio, on the 20th
day of February 1898, the desperate claims
belonging to above estate, a schedule of
which claims is on file in Probate Court of
Allen county, Ohio.
Sale to commence at 1 o'clock a. m.
Terms cash. W. H. DEVEREUX
Assignee.
By Oliver & Dismeld.

Coats, Wraps and Furs!



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Metellus Thomson's

DRY GOODS CO.

You'd think the season had just begun in
our Cloak Department. Such selling in Feb-
ruary is a new idea. The garments here at
such low figures are

Brilliant Money Saving Inducements

WOMEN'S JACKETS, BLOUSES and CAPES

Must now go to make room for the assembling of
one of the most complete collections of

Superb Spring Garments

EVER SHOWN IN LIMA.

A Sale of Greatest Moment.

All the Winter Cloaks are now priced without
regard to cost or value in order to as-
sure their immediate sale.

All Bright, Fresh, Stylish Garments.

ALL \$10.00 CLOAKS FOR \$6.00.

ALL \$12.00 CLOAKS FOR \$7.00.

ALL \$15.00 CLOAKS FOR \$8.50.

Here is a rich opportunity, such as you seldom
have laid before you.

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